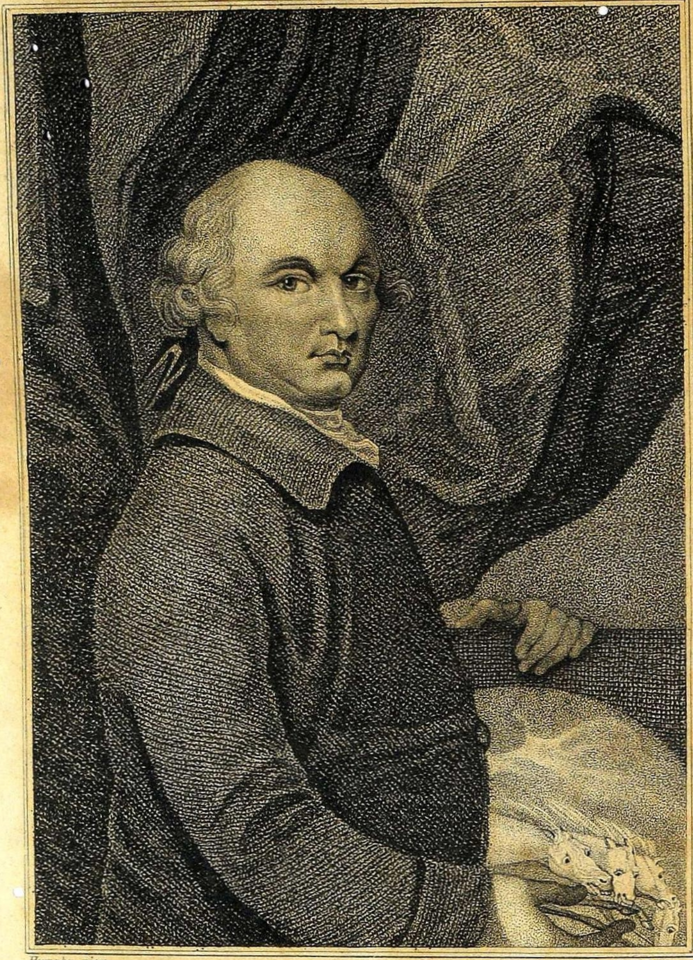

Humphry pinx. W. Nicholls sc.

George Stubbs Esq.r R.A.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MERITS AND LABOURS OF GEORGE STUBBS, Esq. R.A.

The celebrated Painter of Horses and other Quadrupeds.

IN our Magazine for May, 1808, we gave a faint sketch or outline of the life of this incomparable artist; a gentleman to whose industry the lovers of the turf, and of field sports, are more indebted for their favourite gratifications, than to all the imitative profession beside. To prove this, we shall first enumerate the productions of his unrivalled pencil.

" And now kind Nature open'd to his view
Her fairest forms, streams, woods, and flow'rs, and those
With voice and active animation blest:
From these his judgment form'd a mimic life,
Seeming to breathe, and fill the mind with wonder."

Also the noble and honourable characters who were his early friends and patrons, and warmed him, as it were, into life; continuing their favours and friendship till our artist could soar above adversity, and the malice that too often follows the meritorious.

The portrait we have subjoined, was taken from a picture in the possession of Mrs. Spencer, his executrix, and may, with the strictest truth, be called *unique*, there being no other engraving of him extant. We concluded this circumstance alone sufficient inducement to produce the painter's resemblance, for the portfolios of the collector, the sportsman, and all such as delight in the history of the race-horse; an animal so peculiarly our own, that England may defy the surrounding nations, for speed, for courage, and for beauty, to produce its equal.

The picture Mr. Stubbs exhibits in the engraving, is his famous delineation of the ambitious Phaeton, who, according to the poet, asked the guidance of his father's chariot for one day, but, unable to manage the horses, set fire to the world.

We shall now proceed, for the information of Mr. Stubbs's admirers, to describe the noble cabinets where the prime efforts of his genius are deposited; a task attended with no little difficulty, but which we humbly conceive must be highly acceptable to the rising artist, and equally gratifying to the man of taste, to all who delight in the performances of this noble creature, and to such as attach themselves to its prosperity.

A List of the most celebrated Pictures painted by Mr. Stubbs, and in whose possession they remain.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES is in possession of many, and, we are assured, some of the happiest productions of this artist; one picture particularly fine, painted about nine years ago, wherein two favourite hunters are described playing with a dog.—A portrait of his

Royal Highness's celebrated horse Baronet, with Chiffney on his back, winning the Oatlands Stakes of 2000gs. on Ascot Heath.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of YORK possesses a few; among the rest a large dog, exceedingly fine, and of course a favourite picture.

His Grace the DUKE of RICHMOND has many, painted by Mr. Stubbs for the late Duke in the prime of life, and when the artist had reached the highest crisis of his studies.

His Grace the DUKE of QUEENSBERRY likewise possesses many, and some of them painted in the very *acmé* of application.

The EARL of GROSVENOR has in his possession a greater collection of the prime works of this painter than any other gentleman in England. The Earl's father was Stubbs's first patron, and a most liberal encourager of the man whose interest he had undertaken, and whose kindness was ever regarded by the artist with gratitude and affection. The most prominent beauties of this collection are, a Stag-Hunt;* Mares and Foals; Brood Mares; and several portraits of the Earl's running horses, among which are, Mambrino, Sweetwilliam, Sweetbriar, Dux; Gimcrack preparing to start, a most inimitable picture; and another portrait of this horse when a stallion. The reason for painting two portraits of the same horse, derives from a circumstance rather singular: when Gimcrack was a young horse, he was of a complete *iron-grey* colour; but when he became a stallion he changed his complexion, and became *hoary*, or what is called by some a *white grey*. To enumerate the whole of this noble Earl's collection, would be to war with patience.

LORD EGREMONT has many.

GENERAL STIBBERT, of Mount Bevis, possesses Mr. Stubbs's four pieces of Shooting, with Mr. Woollet's copies, fine impressions, all in the same room.

His Grace the DUKE of GRAFTON has many.

THOMAS HOPE, Esq. of Mansfield-street, has a few; one very fine, a portrait of a horse going to drink, with some cows in the distance, &c.

The late SIR JOHN TREVELYAN, Bart. had many.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, Bart. possesses a few.

JOHN GRAHAM, Esq. a few.

CHRISTOPHER WILLSON, Esq. of Yorkshire, has a few.

COL. THORNTON has several;

* This was the picture the Council of the Academy sat in judgment upon, when they determined Mr. Stubbs the highest honour they had to confer, and dispatched their diploma to acquaint him of their choice; but on Stubbs refusing to present the picture to the Academy, which is the custom, the Council ever after neglected to invite him to their sittings, and at last became so fastidious as not to acknowledge him to be their member. Mr. Stubbs offered to give them another picture, but this was rejected, and having sold the first to his patron, the Earl of Grosvenor, for 170gs. it was impossible for him to make the offering required. However, Mr. Stubbs knew how to appreciate his own consequence, and thinking less of the honour than of the sacrifice, and possessing the manly spirit of his predecessor Seymour, never after thought on the chair of Apelles.

among

among them is a very sweet picture of three horses. The principal of this group is gnawing a tree, for which propensity he was named Gnawpost. He was a famous racer, the property of Robert Shaftoe, Esq.

Col. O'Kelly had the whole of his stud painted by Mr. Stubbs, and they were reckoned the prime adornments at Cannons, near Edgware.

Miss Saltinstone, of Cobham, possesses a great many, which that lady purchased at the sale of the property after the artist's demise; among them are several of his enamels, particularly one highly esteemed for its execution in all parts—it is a portrait of himself on horseback; also, the horse frightened at the lion's approach; the royal tiger; the leopard; haymakers and reapers; horses fighting; woman and child, &c. &c. Among these is the horse Scrub, a great favourite of the late Lord Bolingbroke, as large as life: this horse is described leaping over a brook. Miss Saltinstone has also a great collection of his sketches, and most of the horses Stubbs painted for the *Turf Gallery*.

Mrs. Spencer likewise possesses a great many of his pictures for disposal: among the rest, the large picture of the labourers; the farmer's wife and raven, from Gay's Fables; and a very fine enamel of tigers fighting; a leopard; and many others; beside all the plates of animals he engraved, and the work entitled *the Anatomy of the Horse*; a work which, in itself, must hand the painter down to the latest posterity. Mrs. Spencer also possesses the work of *Comparative Anatomy*, which he began a few years previous to his death—a most extraordinary undertaking. The expence attending the progress of it has been incalculable, and had he lived to finish what he so generously begun, posterity had found a resource inestimable.

In the year 1794, the Turf Gallery was opened in Conduit-street, Hanover-square. The intention of the proprietors was to give a series of all the running horses of note, with a printed account of their pedigree and performances.—To this end, they began with the "Father of the Turf," the Godolphin Arabian; a stallion allowed by all conversant in pedigree, to have contributed more to the breed and improvement of horses in this country, than any horse before or since his existence. The undertaking, at the first blush of it, promised much success to the parties concerned; and Mr. Stubbs went to work with so much spirit, that many racers, the progeny of the Arabian, beautifully glowed on the canvas, in a space of time incredible to those unacquainted with his industry. But the tree was without a root, and the want of that nourishment necessary to keep it alive withered all the branches, and that which at first seemed to flourish so fair, fell to nought. The principal in the firm, from a cause I am not permitted to mention, deserted the concern, and of course stagnated an adventure, that, had it been pursued to its intended completion, must have been an honour, as well as an ornament, to the British nation.

I will not conclude this account of our artist and his labours, without taking notice of a trait in his character most worthy to be imitated. Mr. Stubbs was in himself the most abstemious person of his day, wisely thinking, that the way to protract life was to avoid ex-

cesses of every description, and by keeping this sentiment in full practice, he appeared as strong and as florid at ninety years of age, as most healthful men do at fifty; and so fully persuaded was Stubbs of the possibility to prolong his own existence to the patriarchal age of one hundred and fifty, that he most cheerfully began his Comparative Anatomy, after the plan of Professor Blumenback, at the period of ninety, promising a complete classification of the animal world, as an additamentum to an undertaking so laborious; a work that would require at least thirty years of good health and perfect memory to accomplish. But, alas! in the too eager pursuit of this speculation, poor Stubbs was arrested before he could attain his hundredth year, by the hand of him who sports with princes, and whom the mightiest men of the earth shall not resist with impunity.

After his usual early morning's walk, Mr. Stubbs, as was his constant way, took some simple refreshment, and then mounting his chamber to prepare for his easel, he felt a sudden sensation come over him, and throwing himself back in his great arm-chair, without uttering a sigh, his spirit slipped from its case of life. Thus, like a full-ripe acorn from its shell, dropped to earth one of the brightest and most industrious men of genius that ever graced our country; a chearful companion, a fast friend, liberal without ostentation, yet prudent without meanness.

N.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

THE Jubilee was celebrated at Harlesdon Green, Middlesex, by a grand match at backsword,—Harrow against Wilsdon. Much play was expected, but the Harrow men having lost three of their best heads in the beginning of the game, their hearts failed, and Wilsdon triumphed. The best player on the side of Harrow was Wales, a noted gamester forty-four years ago, who now, although near 70, and apparently infirm, gallantly broke two heads. A jingling match afforded much amusement, after which a general set-to at eating and drinking—a large bonfire and fireworks, concluded the entertainments.

A grand match at this manly exercise, for 50 guineas, was played on Thursday and Friday, the 26th and 27th ult. in Hyde Park, near Winchester. Great expectations were formed of the play, particularly between the players of Somerset and Wilts. None of the Wiltshire men, however, offered on this day, and the contest lay between those of Somerset and Hampshire. The Somerset players were entirely successful, having gained seven tiers at two o'clock, without one being gained by their opponents. The prize of 25 guineas was, consequently, divided amongst the Somerset players.—A purse of 10 guineas was then played for by Hampshire men only.

The play was extremely good on the second day. The first head was gained by Maslin, a Wiltshire gamester, against Evans, of Somerset, after many well-played bouts. The next play was between William Wall, of Somerset, and Pope, of Hampshire;—this was a well-contested game, but it ended in Wall's gaining the head. Jeremiah Wall, a brother of the former player, next mounted the stage, with Ellis, of Wilts;

Wilts; the latter, though considered a very good player, had his head broke at the end of the second bout. Another brother of Wall then played Humphries, of Wilts. Poole, a Somerset man, broke the head of Harris, of Hampshire; and Browning, of Somerset, was successful against William Neale, of Hampshire;—this was a very long play. Bunn, a Somerset player, was adjudged, by the umpire, to have lost a head to Porter, of Wiltshire, for having struck at his opponent after the stickler had called out "a bout."—The Somerset this day obtained five tiers, and Maslin and Porter only could be opposed to them; this advantage on the part of the Somerset players was considered too great to be contended against; and this prize of 25 guineas was also adjudged to them. There was no padding in playing for these prizes. After these prizes had been determined, 10 guineas were given, for three heads, between the Somerset players. The three brothers (Wall) were opposed to Bunn, and in each instance were successful.—All the above Somerset players are natives of Widmore, a village about eight miles from Wells, nearly 70 miles from Winchester.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 20th and 21st inst. there was a grand match of Single-Stick, at Andover. The prize on Monday was twenty guineas.

The first players were Parrott, of Wilts, and Kearsley, of Somerset; the head was gained by Parrott.

Lyne, of Wilts, and Jeremiah Wall, of Somerset, next engaged. This contest was a very severe one, and shewed much skill; but as both players were adjudged to have given unfair blows, no head was allowed to either.

Blackford, a Wiltshire player, was successful against Leader, of Somerset.

The three succeeding contests were in favour of Somerset. Bunn, a player of that county, broke the head of Ellis, of Wilts.

Humphries, of Wilts, lost his head to William Wall, of Somerset; and Pope, of Wilts, to G. Wall.

The next play was between Hamilton, a Wiltshire man, and William Neale, of Hampshire; the latter lost the head.

Some very severe play was exhibited between Coleman, of Wilts, and M. Carter, of Hampshire; the contest was terminated by a foul blow from Carter, and he was consequently deemed to have lost his head.

In this day's play there was some difference of opinion as to the conduct of the umpire, who was supposed by many to be partial to the Wiltshire players; and, after the contest between Lyne and Blackford, another umpire was appointed. Some murmuring was also observable at the issue of the play between Coleman and Carter, it being suspected that some unfair understanding existed between them.

At the close of the day Wiltshire had gained four heads, and Somerset three; and it was agreed that the ties were to be played out the following day; but at the time fixed for beginning, none of the Wiltshire men presented themselves, and it was stated, that they had left the place. The prize was consequently adjudged to the Somerset players.

A prize of 10 guineas was given on Tuesday. As no Wiltshire men offered, the only competitors to those

those of Somerset were Hampshire players, but they were not equal to their antagonists; and the prize was gained by Somerset.

Another prize of three guineas was given, to be played for by the Somerset men. In this trial of skill, William Wall broke the head of Bunn; and his brother, G. Wall, that of Kearsley.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

WE congratulate the Public upon the diminution of that ridiculous spirit of contention, which is called duelling, and that has so long prevailed among us, to the annoyance of the moralist, and the disgrace of the country.

The last month has been most happily barren of incidents of this pernicious nature, and it doth seem as if a new epoch of reason and propriety was about to commence; but it is yet to be apprehended, that until the baser passions of the bosom are ameliorated, if not subdued, this chivalrous propensity will remain, in a degree, to vex the better orders of mankind.

When we look around us, and perceive the variety of tempers by which men are actuated; the acrimony of some, and the soreness of others, can we be much surprised, that the accidental collision of such natures should produce fire? On one hand you perceive the young and ardent soldier—

> " bearded like the pard,
> And seeking that bubble, reputation,
> Even in the cannon's mouth."

In another circle we behold a modern Hotspur, raving at the indolence of a pacific world, and only eager to be in a post of danger.—Disdaining the precepts of philosophy, and the charities which are inculcated by religion, he appears to disclose, by the extravagance of his language and gestures, that the principle of his ambition consists in his hostility to moderation.—From such an intemperate and false hero, we may expect the following dramatic exclamation:

> " By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
> To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
> Or drag up drowned honour by the locks."

What can be said of such a character as this, but that if he is not entirely dementated and fit for a cell in Bedlam, he is at least approximating to that species of madness, which leaves enough of reason for the agency of common affairs, but not enough to regulate the understanding, when the passions are disposed to overthrow the judgment.

One of the greatest antidotes to this course of action, is the force of ridicule: and so much laughter has been excited in society, by duels which have been fought for mere notoriety, at watering places and elsewhere, that brave men will be previously assured that the ground of dispute is unclogged with doubtful circumstances, that may lead eventually to opprobrium, or the world's contempt, ere they will engage now in a duel. Thus hath the prevalence of duelling corrected itself, in the overstrained exercise of the practice by mean, vain, timid, and unauthorised persons.

It is somewhat extraordinary, that there should be a fashion in the emotions of the heart, and yet the point is too clearly ascertained to admit

admit of a doubt.—Duelling has been one of these strange dependents on fashion, and, as a dependent, will soon sink into disrepute and disuse, when that Protean monster Fashion, hath withdrawn her countenance from the pursuit. Then will our young *Muscadins* become reasonable beings, if not fine gentlemen, and behave in all public places of amusement, as if they dreaded their own reproaches for the commission of folly, as well as the reproaches of the more considerate part of mankind. W.

WILTSHIRE SPORTING CAUSE.

IN our Magazine for August last, page 234, is the report of the decision of a Jury upon the execution of a Writ of Inquiry, convened to assess the damages in a case, wherein the defendant had let judgment go by default; and upon which occasion the Jury returned a verdict, that the plaintiff had sustained no damage. This unheard-of verdict, in a case where judgment had been let pass, produced the following motion in the Court of King's Bench, last term:—

Sympkin v. Hunt, Esq.

Mr. Easburn stated, that this was an action brought against the defendant for trespass, in going upon the plaintiff's land to kill game, after he had received notice not to do so. The defendant had suffered judgment to pass by default, and attended himself at the execution of the Writ of Inquiry before the Sheriff, and conducted his own cause; on which occasion he addressed the Jury, maintaining that the plaintiff had received no injury.

It appeared on the part of the plaintiff, that the defendant, after notice had been given to him not to come upon the plaintiff's ground, came on horseback, with some dogs; a hare started, and the defendant's dogs killed it. The defendant then proceeded to cross-examine the witness, and asked him, whether he thought that the plaintiff had received damages to the amount of one shilling? The witness said, he did not think he had. Then he asked, whether he thought the damages amounted to sixpence? He said he thought it did not, and perhaps not to an halfpenny, or even a farthing,—Upon which the defendant addressed the Jury in a speech of considerable length, maintaining that they were bound by the oath they had taken, to give a true verdict according to the evidence, and that evidence was, that the plaintiff had not sustained damage to the amount of the lowest denomination of coin within the realm, and therefore the verdict should be accordingly. Upon this address the Jury retired, and remained locked up for a considerable time, and returned a verdict, "That the plaintiff had sustained no damages."

He therefore now moved, that this inquisition be set aside, and a new writ of enquiry be executed, on the ground, that as the defendant had suffered judgment to pass by default, there must be some damages given for the plaintiff—for this verdict was recorded.

Lord Ellenborough.—"That verdict must be recorded. Take a rule to shew cause.

We have not been favoured with the result of the rule granted, but presume it can alter nothing either for or against the parties. The defendant must doubtless pay the costs; and as to the question, whether the damages be a *shilling* or *nothing*,

nothing, that can only make a difference of *twelvepence*.

POST-HORSE DUTY.

Sargeaunt and another, *v.* White.

ON Friday, Nov. 24, the above cause came on to be argued in the Court of King's Bench. It was a case on the Post-Horse Duty Act, and of material consequence to the persons who let post-horses and carriages for the day.

The defendant is a licensed post-master in the city of London, and had let a chaise and pair of horses for the day, to go to Romford and back, being an ascertained distance of twenty-four miles. The plaintiffs are the farmers of the Post-Horse Duty for the county of Middlesex, and claimed a duty of 6s. on the hiring, being at the rate of 3d. per mile. The defendant had only accounted to them for 3s. 6d. as a day job: for this offence against the statute the action was instituted, and the question came on on a demurrer to the plaintiff's right of action.

The Court was unanimous in opinion, that Post-masters are bound by the Act to pay for the number of miles on a day hiring wherever the distance can be ascertained, and gave judgment for the plaintiffs. The point was argued on the part of the defendant by Mr. Richardson, but the law appeared so clear, that the Court did not require to hear the plaintiff's Counsel.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CLUB.

THE following gentlemen have formed a Pigeon-Shooting Club:—Lord Yarmouth, Lord F. Beauclerk, Lord Pollington, Lord Reay, General Mackenzie, and about eighteen other members.

The members are to meet four times a year for the purpose of shooting. The distance for shooting is twenty yards, and every shooter must fire at the pigeon put into the trap for him, or lose the chance of the shot. Every gun failing to explode is to be counted as a shot. Every pigeon shot at from the trap, and taken by the hand in the field, or in any part of its boundary hedge, or tree therein, the taker standing upon the ground, and without entering the adjoining field, is to be reckoned a dead bird. Every pigeon shot at from the trap after it has passed the boundary hedge, if it fall immediately to the gun, is to be considered a dead bird.

President to the Society, Mr. Hartington, Brentford; Vice-President, Mr. Brien, Ormond-street; Secretary, Mr. Snell, Gloucester-place.

NOVEL CRICKET MATCH.

ON Tuesday, the 31st ult. a game of cricket was played on Erridge-Green, between Kent and Sussex, for a fat sheep, to be roasted, we suppose whole, and on account of the advanced season, and shortness of the days, it was agreed that one innings should decide the game, which was accordingly commenced, and well contested, having terminated, with three notches only, in favour of the Sussex gentlemen.

INTE-

INTERESTING PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE TIGER.

From "Oriental Field Sports," by Capt. T. Williamson.

TIGERS very rarely make their attacks on open plains, though instances have occurred, within my own knowledge, where they have proceeded half a mile, or more, from a cover, and made dreadful havock among travellers and peasants; acting as if intent on destruction only. We must not conclude that such conduct is in their ordinary course of practice, but may, no doubt, fairly attribute such a deviation from the marked character of the animal to momentary anguish, or to resentment induced by an unsuccessful skirmish with one of its own species: when, being chased from the jungles, the defeated party bends its course towards any living object, teeming with revenge, and eager to give loose to its rage: for I have already observed, that the tiger is of all beasts of prey the most cowardly; its treacherous disposition induces it, almost without exception, to conceal itself until its prey may arrive within reach of its spring, be its victim either bulky or diminutive.

Size seems to occasion no deviation in the tiger's system of attack, which is founded on the art of surprising. We find, accordingly, that such as happen to keep the opposite side of a road, by which they are somewhat beyond the first spring, often escape injury, the tiger being unwilling to be seen before he is felt. Hence it is rarely that a tiger pursues; but, if the situation permit, his cunning will not fail to effect his purpose: he will steal along the road's side among the bushes parallel with the traveller's course, until one of the many chances which present themselves, of finding him within reach, induces to the attack. Often, where the country is rather too open to allow his proceeding in this manner, the tiger will take a sweep among underwood, or through ravines, in order to meet the traveller again at a spot whence he may make his spring.

Tigers are extremely partial to such sites as command a road, selecting one rather less frequented in preference to one that is much in use. In the former, they are certain of finding as much as will answer their daily wants. If, however, the haunt be on a public road, it is usually at some spot with grass or bushes, and in the vicinity of some ample cover, supplied with water, to which the prey can be dragged. There, in some low, opake spot, the sanguinary meal is consummated in gloomy silence.

It should be observed, that, for the most part, the tiger chooses his station on that side of the road which is opposite his haunt; so that when he seizes his prey, he proceeds straight forward, without having occasion to turn; and thus drags it across, mostly at a trot. If he misses his aim, he will rarely return, unless attacked, but, in a sullen manner, either skulks through the cover, or, if the country be not sufficiently close to conceal his motions, he moves on at a canter; a pace in which a tiger appears very awkward; as with him it is not unlike the gait of a large heavy calf.

A large portion of the soil in India is of a reddish hue, and the grass during the summer heats being deprived of the sap proper to create a verdure, becomes of a dusky colour, very similar to the brighter parts of a tiger's coat.—These circumstances are peculiarly favourable to the animal's concealment; so much so, that a tiger is often roused where there does not exist any cover adequate to sheltering half his bulk; the colour of the animal so perfectly corresponding with the surrounding objects, as to conceal the danger; or, if the animal be seen, he is mistaken for a mound of earth, or something equally innocent.

The tiger's fore paw is the invariable engine of destruction.—Most persons imagine, that if a tiger were deprived of his claws and teeth he would be rendered harmless; but this is a gross error—the weight of the limb is the real cause of the mischief; for the talons are rarely extended when a tiger seizes. The operation is similar to that of a hammer; the tiger raising his paw, and bringing it down with such force, as not only to stun a common-sized bullock or buffalo, but often crushing the bones of the skull! I have seen many men and oxen that had been killed by tigers, in most of which no mark of a claw could be seen; and where scratches did appear, they were obviously the effect of chance, from the paw sliding downwards, and not from design.

It often takes some labour for a tiger to remove a bullock he has killed, from any open situation to a safe retreat, where he can glut himself undisturbed; but he will convey away a man with as much ease, and in the same manner, as a cat drags away a rat. I once witnessed an instance, which gave me a very complete idea of a tiger's proceedings, and of his powers. I was travelling post in my palankeen, through the Ramghur district, which is mountainous and little cultivated, being for the most part in a state of nature, and every where abounding in jungles, when a *bangy-wollah*, who conveyed two baskets of linen and refreshments, and who preceded the palankeen about an hundred and fifty yards, set down his load, and seated himself on the side of the road to rest awhile. About two yards behind him was a small bush, not much larger than a good-sized currant tree, round which a small quantity of jungle grass was growing to the height of about three feet; there was not another twig to be seen for at least half a mile, on that side of the road. No sooner had the poor fellow seated himself, than a tiger sprang from behind, or rather from within the bush, and, after giving the fatal blow with his paw, seized the man by the shoulder, and dragged him off with the utmost ease, at a round pace, into a thick cover which had formerly skirted the road, but which had, by order of government, been cut away to the distance of about a hundred yards, for the safety of travellers.

The most dangerous spots are the crossings of *nullahs*, where, if there be cover, tigers should ever be expected to lurk. The heat of the climate inducing much thirst, and the habits of the natives being in various respects much connected with water, cause most travellers to stop in these situations, where the tiger, with very little trouble, may select such objects for de-

struction

struction as he may prefer. In such places it sometimes happens, that a man, or a bullock, &c. is carried off daily; yet it will appear extraordinary, that rarely any means are adopted for removing the evil, though it is well known that tigers are easily made to quit haunts, if proper measures be resorted to; but it being the business of every body, nobody attends to it, especially as the people of India are predestinarians, and conceive they cannot avoid their respective fates! Nevertheless, we find them having recourse to charms, and to many superstitious devices, to avert danger—a contradiction by no means singular, nor confined to any particular part of the universe.

It must appear remarkable, that tigers often quit the most advantageous haunts without the least apparent cause; for as to checking or destroying them, even where practicable, the natives never think of it, except under European influence, and in many parts of the country it is impossible to do any thing effectual. I am strongly inclined to think, that tigers are peculiarly subject to some acute distemper, which carries off great numbers, or that they have some very powerful enemy, with which we are unacquainted; else, if we admit that a tigress bears two cubs annually, nay, if we calculate that she rears but one in three years, during a period of twelve years, we should find the increase so prodigious, as to leave no chance against being over-run with them in every direction. In some districts, the rewards held forth by government and by individuals, have, without doubt, produced benefit; but such efforts must be confined to particular spots, and never could affect those immense jungles, stretching along the boundaries of Bengal for at least a thousand miles on each side, and extending in many places two or three hundred miles in breadth. These grand depots, in which neither man, horse, nor elephant, can have access, and in which deer, &c. abound, supplying the superior beasts of prey with ample sustenance, could not fail, but for some powerful curb, to cause such an augmentation, as must, in time, annihilate not only every animal a tiger could destroy, but ultimately the tigers themselves must perish with hunger.

Tigers are not always to be checked by fire. However popular the opinion may be, and although we may consider it as an axiom, that a tiger may generally be driven away by noise, and especially by fire, yet so many instances are perpetually recurring, where neither the one nor the other has had the desired effect, that we may, perhaps, not be very wrong in judging, that though a tiger, when in a state of satiety, may be easily alarmed, he is not easily repelled by such means, when seriously in want of a meal. Nor on such occasions do we find that numbers operate as a defence. In the year 1792, a merchant, who was proceeding by the new road to Calcutta, with a large string of valuable horses for sale, was taken off his steed, as he was going through the Katcumsandy pass, at mid-day, though in the midst of a numerous retinue of servants, and in spite of the noise necessarily attendant on a large cavalcade. The tiger leaped down from a knob at the road's side, covered with small bushes and grass, about ten feet high, and dragged the unfortunate merchant to the opposite side, where, however, he was intimidated by the

 shouts

shouts of the horsemen, who pursued him as closely as they could get their horses to approach. The corpe was on the same day brought to the station at Hazary-bhaug, where it was interred.

When travellers find themselves benighted, and in camps, where, either from the situation being suspected as abounding with tigers, or from being pitched in underwood jungles, it is usual to keep a good fire during the night, I doubt not but such a measure, added to other precautions, proves occasionally serviceable; but knowing as I do, that it has frequently happened during a succession of many nights, that the persons conveying the posts have been carried away in spite of the flambeaux, and of the continual beating of the drums, by which they are ever accompanied at night, my opinion has long since been made up very completely on the subject; and some strange alteration must take place in the conduct of tigers in general before I can bring myself to believe, that one half-famished can be deterred by any means from making an attack. That tigers are often very capricious, I will admit, and indeed that, in some instances, their conduct appears unaccountable, but I must assert, that where hunger is the motive, they are at least as consistent, and as persevering, as any other animals.

NEW INVENTED CARRIAGES.

A Travelling carriage has lately been invented in France, which contains a complete habitation, and is of very simple construction. It is composed of a body, fifteen feet long, seven and a half wide, and six high, being raised three feet from the ground upon the wheels of a common curricle. Racks are placed upon the four sides, so as to be able to feed sixteen or twenty horses; canvas, which covers the body of the vehicle while it is going, may be raised to shelter the horses, and exhibits the appearance of a large tent, placed round a pavillion, surmounted with a lightning conductor. Doors open on the right and left, where six steps enable the traveller to get in and out with ease. The interior is divided by a partition into two apartments, a kitchen, &c. and a bedroom. A gallery, which is placed in front of the vehicle, for driving, enables the traveller to go abroad without alighting. Four horses are sufficient for travelling post with this carriage.

THORNTON JUBILEE, OR SPORTING LANDAULET,

Which carries six grown persons, besides two children; answers also the purposes of a post-chaise, a barouchet, or a phæton:—

The unique shape of the body, the introduction of the new plan of fixing it, and the connection of the double C and eliptic springs, must convince every one that a perch, or cranes, would be superfluous; and, consequently, from the shortness of the carriage, can be turned with safety in a narrow space of ground. Two full persons can lie at full length to sleep inside the body, on a bed, easily formed with the cushions, which, with apartments for carrying refreshments, fire-arms, and valuables, is very convenient for travelling. The patent head, which is generally approved, gives a level and uniform appearance

appearance to the roof, permits the spring curtains to be used without lines, or giving trouble, and an imperial to be carried on it, either when open or shut. The lid of the hind boot, turned over, forms a seat for two of the persons without disturbing the luggage. A temporary barouche seat is on the fore boot, which when removed, and the lid of the hind boot closed, an imperial may be placed on the head of each; dogs can be carried in both boots, and air admitted through Venetian shades. The Thorntoniana, made for the purpose of carrying those necessary appendages for ladies, viz. fine laces, shawls, bonnets, &c. is attached; this was invented by the Colonel, and answers the purpose completely.

We understand that many gentlemen of the Barouche Club, and others, have expressed a desire to see a carriage built under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton, whose mechanical genius and taste have been universally admitted; therefore we have given this description, and also acquaint them they may be satisfied on the great utility of the improvements, by examining the landaulet, at Birch and Son's manufactory, in Great Queen-street.

RECENT ELOPEMENT OF MISS NICHOLSON WITH MR. GILES.

ON Wednesday, the 1st instant, Miss Augusta Nicholson, the daughter of Colonel Nicholson, a ward of Chancery, with a fortune of 14,000l. eloped with Mr. Giles, the comedian, from Tunbridge Wells. The family reside at Worcester; the Colonel is, we understand, in the Isle of Wight; the young lady's mother is dead; the Colonel is married to a second wife. Miss Nicholson has become entitled to the large fortune of 14,000l. when of age, in consequence of the death of eight relatives, since 1803. During the colonel's absence from home, Miss Nicholson and her mother-in-law, visited Tunbridge Wells, at which place the parties first became acquainted. Mr. G.'s first introduction to the lady was by an offer to carry some books for her from the library. On the following evening she went to the theatre, accompanied by her mother-in-law, and sat on the front seat of the stage-box; and while Mr. Giles was performing close to the box, Miss N. contrived to drop a letter to him unobserved, which he picked up also unperceived by her mother-in-law. In that letter she acknowledged her attachment to him, and gave him encouragement to pay his addresses to her, and that she would marry him. From that time a mutual intercourse and correspondence took place, in which the warmest affection was expressed. This proceeding was communicated to Miss N.'s mother-in-law, who, to prevent the intercourse proceeding farther, confined her to the house. This regulation, however, had not the desired effect; for Mr. Giles contrived a plan of exchanging letters through the keyhole of the street-door. Miss N. had a bed-room to herself, and got up every morning before five o'clock, and conversed with her lover out of the window. This correspondence continued about five weeks previous to the elopement.

The elopement was effected by the following stratagem:—Mr. Giles, who was destitute of the most needful article, money, for carrying on such an exploit, made Mr. Smith, a brother

a brother performer, his *confidante;* told him what he had been doing, and what he was about to do; and asked him to lend him a sum of money, to enable him to run away with Miss Nicholson. Smith entered into his views, and lent him 30l. being the whole of his stock. The two sons of the buskin having the consent and approbation of the fair *law-infant*, set off to walk from Tunbridge-Wells to Seven Oaks, on Tuesday evening; and, to avoid suspicion, they hired a chaise and four, at a bye inn, a few miles from Seven Oaks, and set off in it about three o'clock in the morning, and proceeded towards Tunbridge-Wells. They stopped a short distance before they came to the town; Smith stopped in the chaise, and Giles went for his *darling;* and she, on the signal of love, flew to his embraces with only one change of clothes, in hopes never more to part; but, alas! disappointment has overtaken them.

Miss Nicholson's flight was soon discovered, after the family got up, and it was at length ascertained that she had eloped with Mr. Giles. On Thursday, the following day, her mother-in-law wrote to Messrs. Cardale and Son, solicitors, of Bedford-row, who are trustees to Miss Nicholson. They employed Adkins and his brother to trace the fugitives, who took considerable pains, and at length discovered them at a house in Westmoreland-place, City-road.—They were to have been married on the succeeding Monday morning at Mary-le-bone church. Miss Nicholson was taken away by the officers, and the parties were ordered to appear before the Lord Chancellor on Monday.

In the Court of Chancery, on Monday the 9th, being the day appointed for the attendance of the parties concerned in carrying off the above lady, Miss Augusta Nicholson, they accordingly attended, as did also the clergyman of the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, who had published the banns of marriage between Miss N. and Mr. Giles, with whom she eloped.

The clergyman was examined by the Lord Chancellor in his private room.

On his lordship resuming his seat in Court,

Mr. Blyth, as counsel for Mr. Smith, stated the affidavits of that gentleman and of Mr. Giles.—Mr. Smith's affidavit generally went to express, in the strongest terms which language could convey, the extreme sorrow he felt for the crime which he had committed. He stated, that from the first moment he had been convinced of his error, he had taken the opportunity of giving the friends and guardian of Miss N. every information in his power, so that the retreat of that young lady might be discovered, and consequently that she might eventually be restored to her paternal protector.—His affidavit stated also, that he had no means of subsistence but by his profession as a player, and that his further detention would be his utter ruin.

Mr. Giles's affidavit was expressive of his regret for the part he had taken—of his sincere contrition, and trusting that his lordship would take compassion on his situation, concluding with throwing himself on the mercy of his lordship.

The Lord Chancellor observed, that the parties now before the Court had acted extremely wrong. One of them, Mr. Giles, was placed in a situation by his ill conduct,

duct, which made it difficult for his lordship to know how to act, so as completely to satisfy the ultimate claims of justice. It was clear that he had stolen the lady from her guardians, for the purpose of stealing her fortune.—However, as he seemed to feel the situation in which he stood, he might, with the other person who assisted him (Mr. Smith,) petition the Court. In the mean time he would consider what was proper to be done with them. At present, he would not say what he should do, but, whatever determination he might come to, he should most certainly do what is right. With respect to the clergyman who had put up the banns of marriage between the parties, he did by no means impute to him any improper motives for so doing, although he had ordered him to attend this day. He remembered, however, in a case similarly circumstanced, some years since, where a clergyman had published the banns of marriage, without having made the requisite inquiries respecting the parties, that my Lord Thurlow had considerable difficulty with himself as to the committal of the clergyman (Dr. Markham), but he had been allowed to leave the Court after having forewarned him as to his future conduct. It seemed to be the opinion of some clergymen, that they did their duty if they merely published the banns when required, without making any inquiry as to the state or condition of the parties. If the clerk handed up a paper to the reading desk with the names, that they considered as sufficient authority for publishing: but he wished it to be clearly understood, that clergymen had a much greater duty to perform. He had, in order to satisfy himself on that head, referred to the marriage act, and he therein found a particular clause, enjoining the duties of the clergyman in case of any application for publishing banns. That duty was very clear and very plain—they were directed to make inquiry seven days prior to the first publication, to ascertain whether the parties resided in the parish, and whether they resided in the house to which they gave the address. This was a duty particularly cast upon the clergyman himself; he was bound to go to the house himself and make the inquiry. It was no excuse for him that he had sent some person. It had often been an excuse, that the clergyman had committed that duty to his clerk, who did not do it, but left it to his wife—the wife would order the maid-servant, and so the valuable and important provisions of the marriage act were rendered null and void by the lapse of duty in the clergyman. It must not be permitted, because the act did not provide any other punishment for such a dereliction of duty in the clergyman than severe censure. A marriage solemnised under such circumstances was valid, although the proper inquiries had not been made. His lordship did not mean to impute any more blame to the clergyman on the present occasion than what had been committed by others; but it was highly necessary that the practice should be put a stop to, and he hoped his conduct for the future would be more conformable with the provisions of the law. With these observations he should dismiss the consideration of the business for the present.

Mr. Blyth, in the course of the day, handed up two petitions, one from Mr. Giles, and the other from Mr. Smith.

His

His lordship ordered that they should be heard to-morrow.

In the same court, next day, Nov. 10, Mr. Blyth informed his lordship, that Messrs. Giles and Smith were in attendance, in conformity with the directions which his lordship had given on the preceding day.

The Lord Chancellor asked Mr. Richards, if he had any thing to offer from the guardian of Miss Nicholson.

Mr. Richards replied in the negative, but observed, that Mr. Giles had, in his affidavit, stated something respecting a letter to Mrs. Wells, which required some further explanation.

The Lord Chancellor intimated his intention of looking into that part of the affidavit. With respect to Mr. Smith, he should allow him to be discharged, upon his undertaking to come forward, if necessary, upon any future occasion.—Mr. Smith was of course then discharged.

FUNERAL OF A HINDOO.

THOSE who live near the Ganges never fail to burn their dead on its banks, and to throw the ashes into the stream. The bedstead on which a Hindoo is conveyed to the water side is sometimes burnt also, at least it is ever after considered as impure; nor would a Gentoo, however distressed for fuel, take one for that purpose. The body of the deceased should be completely burnt, but such is rarely the case; a small pile of wood, sufficient to singe it, is ordinarily provided, which being expended, the remains are launched into the river, where they float in a putrid state for a long time, to the great annoyance of such as travel by water. Those villages situated inland, and remote from any great river, have recourse to any small stream, for the purpose of performing the last offices: eventually, though not often, a tank, or jeel, if more commodious, is substituted, when numbers of bedsteads and human bones may be seen along the banks.

A Hindoo would be miserable, were he to know that his body would not be burnt. Many in their old age, or when seriously ill, remove to the banks of the Ganges, whose waters are held sacred among the Hindoos (for the Mussulmans inter their dead), and when about to resign their breath, are taken to the edge of the river on their beds, where a Bramin, or priest, attends to perform various superstitious ceremonies. No doubt that many, who might recover with due attention, are thus consigned to an untimely end. The damp borders of the stream, with a burning sun, rarely fail, however favourable the season may be, to put a speedy termination to the sick person's pain. But it has often happened that the attendants become tired by the delay the poor wretch makes in " shaking off his mortal coil," and, perhaps, with the humane intention of terminating his sufferings, either place the bed at low-water mark, if the spot be within the flow of the tide, or smear the dying man with the slime of the holy waters; not forgetting to take care that a due portion of the precious mud pass into the mouth. This doubtless will shock the European reader: but is nevertheless strictly true. Indeed, when we come to consider one particular tenet of the Hindoo religion, we may rather consider what at first may appear inhuman, to be

an

an act of charity.—When a person has been taken to the side of the Ganges, or other substituted water, under the supposition that he is dying, he is, in the eye of the Gentoo law, dead, his property passes to his heir, or according to bequest; and in the event of recovery, the poor fellow becomes an outcast. Not a soul, not even his own children, will eat with him, or afford him the least accommodation. If by chance they come in contact, ablution must instantly follow. The wretched surviver from that time is held in abhorrence, and has no other resort but to associate himself in a village inhabited solely by persons under similar circumstances. There are but few such receptacles; the largest, and most conspicuous, is on the banks of the Mullah, which passes near Sooksorgah, about forty miles north of Calcutta.

ALTERCATION ON THE GAME LAWS.

As published in the Ipswich Paper, Nov. 18, 1809.

A CAUTION.

WHEREAS a person calling himself Close, whose game certificate was taken out at Yarmouth in that name, accompanied by an ill-looking man in a green gig, did, on Wednesday last, between the hours of ten and eleven in the forenoon, stop in the turnpike road by Henham Park pales, opposite to my house, and did shoot a tame pheasant, perched, as I believe, on a tree near to the bottom of my garden, to pick up which, his dog was sent over a fence—Notice is hereby given, that steel traps and spring guns are set in my garden, and in all the adjoining coverts; and the said Mr. Close is hereby informed, that should he trespass again, and escape being either trapped or shot, he will be prosecuted as the law directs.

JOHN CLARKE, Gamekeeper.

Oct. 12, 1809.

Whereas the above Caution was last week published in the Ipswich Journal. I who am *dignified* with the appellation of the ill-looking man, take the liberty of having that caution reprinted, with those observations which my attendance on Mr. Close to Ipswich enabled me to make, with respect to the accuracy, &c. of J. Clarke's statement. In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Close committed any trespass. Upon a tree in the high road he shot a pheasant, but Mr. Close did not send over the fence his dog to pick up, either the pheasant or the *garden*, according to John Clarke's ignorant way of writing. Mr. Close did not stop to inquire, whether the road was bounded by John Clarke's, or any other person's property. If there be no legal means of preventing a qualified person from killing game during the legal hours and season of the year on the King's high road, John Clarke ought to have been better informed, than to have taken the method which he has done, of publishing his threats of entrapping or shooting Mr. Close, where he had never been, nor had any intention of going. And after the very *polite* mode in which this caution has been communicated to Mr. Close, I doubt whether all the spring guns and traps in Henham will deter him from making a few similar experiments, as he passes and repasses over the Henham roads. For even John Clarke does not dare to

to affirm, that Mr. Close was ever seen any where at Henham, but on the King's high road.

JOHN YOUNGS,
A Norfolk Freeholder.

Oct. 17, 1809.

TO THE NORFOLK FREEHOLDER.

SIR, I did not see your Observations of the 17th of October, till last Saturday. You seem offended at being described as an *ill-looking man*; you must however permit me to observe, that few think otherwise than well of their own personal appearance; perhaps I am a bad judge of *male* beauty, except in a pointer or a spaniel; but really and truly, without meaning any offence, I have not changed my opinion on a second view. If I be accused of want of politeness to Mr. Close, I beg to be acquitted of intentional rudeness to him as a *gentleman*, for the following reason, viz. because your appearance, together with the act committed, convinced me at the time that Mr. Close was not a *gentleman*;—I am sorry that I was mistaken; and whenever he may again be in want of an advocate, I hope, for his sake, he will find an abler than he has had on the late occasion. Your grammatical quibble I have submitted to our schoolmaster, who says, he is ready to meet any *graduate* in England on the plain construction of the sentence; in the mean time, to carry off bile and clear your head, I advise you to take plenty of *calomel*: I give it for every disorder in my kennel, and I am assured it is a very beneficial medicine to a *Snarler*.

Now, Sir, I shall conclude with a word or two on the law of trespass, of which you appear so ignorant, that I suspect you belong to a trade or profession, the members of which are either not allowed or not compelled to serve on juries; because every Norfolk Freeholder who attends the Assizes, has probably heard of the case of Mr. Fellowes and a Clergyman, by which it was ascertained, that any person, without quitting the King's highway, may commit a trespass; I trust, therefore, Mr. Close will be too wise to follow your advice, or to bring the question to an issue.

J. C. G.

November 6, 1809.

The person who wrote the above Observations on my having shot a pheasant on the Henham road, without adding to them his name and residence, is too much of a coward and scoundrel to deserve, in a newspaper, any other answer than this from JOHN CLOSE,
Yarmouth.

Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1809.

ON THE SEVERITY OF THE GAME LAWS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE strictures against poaching in your Magazine for September, appear to me to be as prejudiced and biassed, as the acts against poaching are numerous and oppressive. The opinion of a late Police Magistrate, that "seven in ten of the criminals who suffer at the gallows, had commenced their career of idleness and dishonesty with the practice of poaching," may be very just; it may not, then, be improper to examine from whence this propensity proceeds; and I believe nine out of ten will agree with me, that it does not arise wholly

wholly from what the Legislature seems to have imagined, but that poaching has been greatly encouraged by the very Acts made to prevent it; for before these Acts were passed, poaching was never known; and the reason is obvious —the game (as it is called) was not then worth the trouble and expence necessarily incurred by providing instruments to take it. Since the formation of these statutes, the game has been held in high request, and much sought after, and it is not much to be wondered at, when a hare sells for 7s. a brace of partridges for 4s. and a brace of pheasants for half a guinea. From these large sums, then, arises the love of poaching, more than from any other cause; to this it is that the first corruption of morals in the lower orders is often justly to be attributed. To be a clever poacher is deemed a very reputable accomplishment; and they do not think themselves complete for a country life till this favourite art is obtained, which is not any easy task, for to be thoroughly perfect in it, requires a person of no mean understanding and ingenuity; and hence it is why the company of persons who are crafty and ingenious in this way of life, is generally so much sought after by the common people. Nor is this, Mr. Editor, all the evil these Acts bring with them: they greatly oppress the parishes where poachers are found offending; for when a man who has a wife and family is detected, he must leave the parish, from his inability to pay the enormous penalty attached to the offence; and thus the wife and family come to the parish, as we often witness.—Poaching likewise regularly brings on idleness and drunkenness, which often prepare men for the worst of crimes, in particular that of pilfering; and in this the farmer in general is the greatest sufferer, for poachers, in prowling about at night, if they miss of their game, (which is often the case) their neighbours' poultry mostly falls a prey to them, or any thing else they can find a market for; therefore those Game Acts, instead of preventing the evil, increase it tenfold; in fact it is impossible to calculate the dissention and strife caused in parishes between friends and neighbours, in which the situation of a Magistrate, and more particularly that of a gamekeeper, is rendered very precarious and disagreeable, from the great envy and malice poachers have against them when they decide contrary to their wishes, for which they often seek some mean revenge against them or their property.—Every impartial person, therefore, must agree, that those penal acts are harsh and oppressive to the main good of the community, as they have, by very learned persons, often been considered.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, T. E.

Nov. 7, 1809.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

MALTON Coursing Meeting, commenced on Monday, the 13th inst.—The foxhounds found at Thirtleby Whin, and after a short and sharp run, killed in good style.

After dinner at Malton, the nominations for the Cup, according to the new rule, (which seemed to give universal satisfaction) began, and twelve dogs were put in to be drawn, which came out in classes as under, and were run on the

 Tuesday

Tuesday.—The success as stated below:

Mr. Croft's red dog Cork, beat Mr. Bower's blue bitch Phœbe.

Sir M. M. Sykes's blue bitch Bounty, beat Major Topham's bl. dog Regent.

Mr. Lowther's bl. dog Shylock, beat Mr. Best's black bitch Miss.

Sir T. Slingsby's bl. dog Balloon, beat Mr. Lowther's bl. and white dog Skirmish.

Mr. Acklom's bl. dog Ormond, beat Mr. Harrison's white dog Hornet.

Sir T. Slingsby's bl. dog Shuttle, beat Major Topham's white dog Valiant.

MATCHES.

Sir T. Slingsby's Myrtle beat Major Topham's Spaniard.

Sir T. Slingsby's Queen beat Mr. Best's Maiden.

Sir T. Slingsby's bl. dog Quiz, beat Mr. Best's blue bitch Beauty.

POST-MATCHES *(bona-fide)*.

Mr. Croft beat Mr. Best four matches.

Mr. Best beat Mr. Croft one match.

Mr. Bower beat Major Topham two matches.

Mr. Bower against Major Topham—undecided.

Major Topham beat Mr. Bower one match.

The hares ran so uncommonly stout, that they invariably beat the dogs, having the advantage of a hilly country; the sport during the whole day was the best ever known.

Wednesday.—The foxhounds met at Scampton Bottoms--no fox found; from whence they tried Linton Whin, and after a sharp run of ten minutes over the wold, run into him. Will. Carter, the huntsman, got a dreadful fall, and broke two of his ribs.

Thursday—for the Cup.

Second Class of Winning Dogs.

Mr. Lowther's black dog Shylock 1
Mr. Croft's red dog Cork 2

SECOND.

Sir T. Slingsby's black dog Shuttle...................... 1
Sir M. M. Sykes's blue bitch Bounty.................. 2

THIRD.

Sir T. Slingsby's black dog Balloon 1
Mr. Acklom's black dog Ormond 2

POST MATCHES *(bona fide)*.

Mr. Acklom beat Mr. Croft one match.

Mr. Croft against Mr. Acklom—undecided.

A very hard frost.—After running up the three first classes of winning dogs, there were ultimately left to start for the Cup, Sir Thomas Slingsby's Balloon and Shuttle, and Mr. Lowther's Shylock; which after two severe courses, was won by Shylock, a grandson of Young Snowball.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL OF SIR FREDERICK FLIGHTY, BART.

MONDAY.—Rose early and ordered my gig—(raised an additional story, to out-top Lord Lofty)—paraded Bond-street, &c.—made a figure in Smithfield among the graziers and drovers, it being market-day. — Mem. To buy a young bear—mean to drive him in the game box—John tells me the clown at the Circus has one.

Tuesday.—Slept late—dined at Lord Easy's—hate all formal acquaintance, but must keep in with the old Put—no fun—d—n'd dull —half asleep—lost fifty pounds with Jack

Jack Frolic on a maggot race—cursed provoking—headed me only half-a-length—doubled on a race between two rain-drops on the window—done again—confound the rain-drops.—Query. How does that fellow live, now he is cashiered?—Home early—fell asleep.

Wednesday.—Wanted a *spree*—sent for the clown of the Circus about his bear—d—n'd dashing fellow—stuck him in my high gig—shewed him up and down Bond-street—made him bow to all the stiff dames of quality—devilish good fun—gave the dog a dinner, and sent him to play the fool stark drunk—half dished myself—kicked up a row in the street—began at the wrong end—slept in the watch-house.

Thursday.—Tipt the fees and turned out early—called on Kitty, gone out—what the devil takes her out so early?—wrote a *carte blanche*, and left it for her—called again—fee'd her maid—found the huge clown with her!—cursed strong-looking fellow—wished them both good morning.—Mem. To turn her up, and have tall Maria or the Water-wagtail, in spite of Col. O—— or Lord H——. Lazarus, from St. Mary Axe, brought me 3000l. at 150l. per cent. to pay arrears in St. George's Fields—went to Brookes's and lost every guinea at Faro.—Mem. Never to play at Brookes's again, except with a *flat*.

Friday.—Arrested by my coach-maker for 950l.—obliged to pay Lazarus d—nably through the nose for good Jew-bail—curse the spunging-house—can't get out till the office is searched for detainers—made 'em all jolly drunk—slept by the fire-side.

Saturday.—Very much in the vapours—go all lengths to get out for Sunday—the catchpoles twig me—forced to fee high—breathe once more the free air—and no longer fear the complicated horrors of St. George's Fields.

Sunday.—Resolve to be jolly—order a devilish good dinner at the St. Alban's—invite the whole of the Jockey-Club—in great spirits—toast all the fine women I know, and those I don't know—get drunk—beat the rounds—and receive two black eyes in St. Giles's.

"*O tempora! O mores!*"

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES AT NOTTINGHAM,

For six years old Horses, &c. four-mile Heats.

[Continued from Vol. 34, Page 284.]

MR. Ayrton's Cashkeeper, by Engineer—beating Lord Scarbrough's Fireworker, by Engineer; Mr. Stapleton's Fellow-Commoner, Mr. Douglas's Strider, &c. 1776

Lord March's Slim, by Squirrel—beating Mr. Dymock's Lucullus, by Match'em; and Mr. Wentworth's Mousetrap 1777*

* In 1777 to 1788 inclusive, the King's Plate was only one Four-Mile heat.

Mr.

Mr. Ellis's Diana,* by Shakespear—beating the Duke of Hamilton's Hercules, by Match'em.......................1778

Mr. Bowes's Icelander, by Morwick-Ball—beating Mr. Price's Humbug, by Chrysolite; and Mr. Douglas's Alderman......1779

Duke of Rutland's Wisbech, by the Saanah Arabian—beating the Duke of Grafton's Tickler, by Antinous; Lord Rockingham's Sextus Pompeius, by Sampson; Mr. Hebden's Macheath, by Camillus, and four others.......................1780

Mr. Freeman's Standby, by Prophet—beating Mr. Pratt's Somebody, by Match'em; Mr. Hutchinson's Abigail, by Turk; Mr. Medows's Rodney, by Marsk, &c..................1781

Mr. Scaife's Nottingham,† by Tantrum—beating Mr. Twycross's Grasshopper, by Marsk; Sir T. Dundas's Arske, by Chatsworth; Mr. Wentworth's Fearnought, by Engineer; and Mr. Barry's Mat-o'-th'-Mint, by Match'em:—Nottingham and Grasshopper ran a dead heat, but running over again, the Plate was won by Nottingham.......................1782

Mr. Vernon's Drone,‡ by King Herod—walked over..............1783

Mr. O'Kelly's Young Eclipse,|| by Eclipse—walked over........1784

Mr. Jolliff's Monk, by King Herod—walked over..............1785

Lord A. Hamilton's Alexander,§ by Mungo—beating, at three heats, Mr. Dawson's Roscius, by Garrick, 5 yrs old..............1786

* *Diana*, in 1777, won 130gs. at Nottingham, and 50l. at Chesterfield In 1778, she won the King's Plate for mares at Newmarket; also the King's Plate at York. In 1779, she won the King's Plate at Newmarket in April; she also won twice 50l. at Grantham, and 50l. at Lincoln. In 1780, she won the Belvoir Cup at Grantham.

† *Nottingham* also won the King's Plate at York, and at Newmarket in October. In 1783, he won the 50l. Plates at Oxford, Broomsgrove, and Lambourn.

‡ *Drone*, in 1781, won 200gs. at Newmarket. In 1782, he won 50l. at Stamford. In 1783, he also won the King's Plates, 50l. 100gs. 140gs. and 65gs. at Newmarket; 50l. and 45gs. at Grantham; 50l. at Nottingham, and the King's Plate at York. In 1784, he won 80gs. the Jockey-Club Plate, 60gs. 300gs. 70gs. and 170gs. at Newmarket. In 1785, he won 300gs. the Jockey-Club Plate, 50l. and 60gs. at Newmarket. In 1786, he won the Jockey-Club Plate at Newmarket: and in 1787, he won 50l. at Brighton, and 50l. at Lewes.

|| *Young Eclipse*, in 1781, won the Derby Stakes of 1150gs. and a forfeit at Epsom. In 1782, he won 300gs. and 50l. at Newmarket, and 50gs. at Epsom. In 1783, he won 600gs. 500gs. and 60gs. at Newmarket; also the King's Plate at Burford. In 1784, he won 300gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket; and 50l. at Epsom.—He broke down when running for the King's Plate at York.

§ *Alexander*, in 1784, won 50l. at Lancaster, and 50l. at Preston. In 1785, he won 50l. at Hexham, the King's Plate at Newcastle, 50l. at Preston, also 50l. and the Gold Cup at Doncaster. In 1786, he won 50l. at Newcastle: also the King's Plate at York.

Mr.

Mr. Bullock's Rockingham,* by Highflyer—beating Mr. Wentworth's Prince of Orange, (late Clayhall) by the Clayhall-Marsk 1787

Mr. Williams's Britannia, by Pincher—beating Lord Sackville's Chaunter, by Eclipse; and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Skylark, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old........................ 1788

Mr. Clifton's Attraction, by Magnet—beating H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's br. h. brother to Steady, by Highflyer.......... 1789

Mr. Croke's Prizefighter, by Florizel—beating Mr. Burdon's Ticket, by Orpheus; H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Bubble, by Highflyer; and Mr. Wilson's Augustus, by Tantrum, (who slipt his girths the second heat)........................ 1790

Mr. Barton's Express, by Postmaster—beating Mr Wentworth's Sportsman, by Orpheus; Mr. Lockley's Sparrowhawk, by Eagle; and Mr. Dixon's Ellimore, (late Tom Tring) by Cavendish.. 1791

Mr. Dawson's Coriander,† by Pot8o's—beating Mr. Homfray's Young Cicero 1792

* *Rockingham,* (first called *Camden*) in 1784, won 300gs. at Nottingham. In 1785, he won 500gs. the Jockey-Club Plate, 300gs. and 500gs. at Newmarket. In 1786, he won 50l. at Newmarket; 125gs. and 50l. at Ascot; the King's Plate at Lichfield; 70gs. 60gs. and 70gs. at Newmarket. 1787, he also won (besides Nottingham) 525gs. 50l. 25gs. two King's Plates, the renewed 140gs. the Jockey-Club Plate, 50l. the 140gs. 70gs. 60gs. and 70gs. at Newmarket; the King's Plates at Guildford, Winchester, and York, where he also won the Great Subscription Purse; in all 17 times that year:—and in 1788, he won the King's Plate, the Jockey-Club Plate, and 300gs. at Newmarket.—He was the best horse in England of his time.

† *Coriander,* in 1789, won 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket. In 1790, he won 100gs. 100gs. 200gs. 240gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket; also the King's Plate at Ipswich. In 1791, he won 50gs. 50l. and 60gs. at Newmarket; also two 50l. Plates at Swaffham. In 1792, he won 15gs. at Newmarket; and the King's Plate at Guildford, besides that at Nottingham. In 1793, he won 50l. the King's Plate, the Jockey-Club Plate, 50l. and 200gs. at Newmarket:—and in 1794, he won the Whip, with 200gs. 50l. 50gs. and 105gs. at Newmarket; 50l. at Chelmsford, and 50l. at Northampton.—He was afterwards a Stalion.

GAME LAWS.

FOR the benefit of our Sporting Friends, and Sportsmen in general, we have pleasure in making the following communication; which, we presume, will, at this time, prove peculiarly *seasonable,* and acceptable to many of our readers, to whom we can state, from authority which may be relied on, that " One of the most *eminent Counsel* in this kingdom has given it as his clear and decided opinion,

opinion, that *unqualified* persons may very safely sport with a *qualified* man, without being subject to a penalty; and that it has been judiciously determined, a magistrate is liable to an information, who convicts a person participating in this sport, in aid, and under the protection, of a qualified man."

THE LATE

MR. WENTWORTH's STUD,

From his first commencing upon the Turf in 1754, to 1809, inclusive.

(Continued from page 17.)

*** The date of the Year at the beginning of the lines, is when the horses, &c. were foaled; and the number of times each horse, &c. won, is in general only added whilst in Mr. Wentworth's possession.

1765. MARK, bought of Mr. Charles Dawson, and got by Young Mogul, out of Kipling's dam, by Tartar. At York, 1771, at 9st. 5lb. he beat Lord Carlisle's Berenice, 9st. four miles, 200gs.; he also won the cup, value 60gs. at Wakefield, and the gold cup, value 80l. at Doncaster. At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1772, he received forfeit from Ratoni, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 200gs. h. ft.; and, at 8st. 5½lb. he beat Phœbus, 8st. 7lb. B. C. 100gs. At York, on Monday, Mark,* 9st. 8lb. beat Mr. Stapleton's Achilles, 9st. four miles, 200gs.; on Thursday, at 9st. he won the great subscription purse of 277l. 10s. four miles, beating Forester, aged, 9st. and Dauphiness, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.; and on Saturday, at 10st. 2lb. he won the ladies' plate of 80gs. four-mile heats, beating, at two heats, Mr. Osbaldeston's Remnant, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. And at Doncaster, he won the gold cup† for four-year-olds, 7st. and aged, 8st. 7lb. four miles, beating Scaramouch, 4 yrs old; Liberty, aged; Emperor, aged; Denmark, aged, &c. He raced a few times after, and was sold to Mr. Garforth for a hunter.

1765, MELPOMENE, bought of Mr. J. Coates; and got by Alcides; dam, Lass of the Mill, (Calliope and Atalanta's dam) by Oroonoko, out of an own sister to Mr. Clarke's Lass of the Mill, by Traveller. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1771, she won the King's plate for mares, beating Sultana and Silver-

* Mark's performances at York in 1772, have never been equalled by running at high weights, and winning three times in one week, at FOUR four-mile heats.—At York, in 1784, Phenomenon won three times; viz. the subscription-purse on Wednesday, for five-year olds (giving his year), 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, beating Faith and Latona: walked over for the subscription-purse for four-year-olds, four miles, on Friday; and also for the ladies' plate, two miles, on Saturday.—At York, in 1786, Delpini won three times; viz. on Monday, at 8st. 5lb. he won the 25gs. stakes, for all ages, four miles, beating Verjuice, Grey Highflyer, and Optimus, all four-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. each; on Wednesday, he won the subscription purse for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, beating Pitch, Leveret, and Posthumous; also on Thursday, he won (allowing his year) the subscription-purse for six-year-olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. four miles, beating Faith and Glancer, both aged. Delpini was allowed to be the best horse of his year in England, except Rockingham.

† Two of the cups won by Mark were presented to Mrs. Serle (sister to Mr. Wentworth).

tail;

tail; at Nottingham, she won the King's plate, beating Emperor; at York, she won the King's plate, beating Raggamuffin, Cockatoo, and Bardolph; and at Northallerton she won the stewards' cup, beating Denmark, Navigator, and Iris.—*Melpomene*, when Mr. Coates's, in 1768, won a stakes of 220gs. at Richmond. In 1769, she won 50l. at Malton, 50l. at Penrith, 50l. at Stockton, a stakes of 220gs. and 50l. at Richmond. In 1770, she won the King's plate at Newcastle, the ladies' plate of 95gs. at York, and 50l. at Wakefield; also 50l. with the steward's cup added, at Northallerton: she was then sold to Mr. Wentworth* for 500gs. and 100gs. more, provided she won two King's plates in 1771.

1765, VALENTINE, bred by Mr. Wentworth, and got by Young Cade; his dam by Mr. Norris's Bolton, Mogul, Young Belgrade, Mulso Bay Turk, Coneyskins, Hautboy, from a Wilkes mare.—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1770, he beat Lord Farnham's Bashaw, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 300gs.—He was then sold to Mr. Ogilvy, in whose possession *Valentine* won a match against Bonnyface, for 50gs.; beat Cataline for 100gs.; Phlegon, for 500gs.; stood matched against Domitian, for 600gs. h. ft and horse for horse, when Mr. March (Domitian's owner) paid 150gs. compromise, and forfeited Domitian. He also won 50l. at Ascot Heath, and 50l. at Bath. He was afterwards a stallion, in Yorkshire.

1766, CHAUNTER, by Whistlejacket; dam by Squirrel.—At the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1770, he won a stakes of 1100gs. beating Danger, Jesuit, &c.

1766, FAIR HELEN, bred by Sir Joseph Pennington, Bart. and got by Babram Blank, out of Smiling Dorothy, by Torismond.—At Lincoln, 1771, she won 50l. beating Stork, &c.; 50l. at Spalding, beating Black Prince; also 50l. at Swaffham, beating Cicero, Sportsman, Charon, and Phlegon—Sold to Mr. Compton. *Fair Helen*, in 1770, was beat by Amaranthus, at Beverley, and was then sold to Mr. Wentworth.

1766, FISH, alias GUDGEON, bought of Lord Ossory, and got by Brilliant; dam by Cade, out of an own sister to Miss Layton, by Partner.—Started once, and was beat

* At this time, Mr. Wentworth hired Mr. William Wilson to act as his training groom, and to succeed Mr. John Hutchinson, who was then engaged to the late Lord Grosvenor, through the recommendation of Mr. Wentworth. Mr. Wilson, at his own desire, led Melpomene from Northallerton to Tolstone-Lodge, near Tadcaster, and continued training groom to Mr. Wentworth until the latter end of the year 1794, when he relinquished that situation; he, however, remained in Mr. Wentworth's service until his death, which happened at Tolstone-Lodge, on Thursday, January 19, 1809. Mr. Wilson was in his 85th year, and was born in the neighbourhood of Malton, and brought up in the training stables at that place: he was afterwards hired by Mr. Chaplin, of Lincolnshire; and about the year 1756, he was engaged as training groom to Sir James Lowther, Bart. in whose service he continued a few years; after which, he was training groom to Charles Chaplin, Esq. and several other gentlemen. Through the whole course of his life, he was greatly respected as a truly honest man.

 by

by Fenwick-O! at Newcastle.—Sold to Mr. Coxe.

1767, Achilles, alias Presumption, bought of Thomas Stapleton, Esq. and got by Jalap; dam by Sampson, out of Ceres, by Cade.—At York Spring Meeting, 1773, he won 50l. four miles, beating Friendly, Lady Bell, Raggamuffin, Florio, and Andromache. At Nottingham, he walked over for the King's plate. At York, he won the King's plate, beating Jack-a-Latin and Driver. At York, in 1774, he received 150gs. from Towzer; and beat Mopsqueezer, 8st. 4lb. each, four miles, 300gs. *Presumption*, when Mr. Stapleton's, won the King's plate at Newcastle in 1772.

1767, Africanus, bought of Lord Farnham, and was own brother to Trentham, by Lord Gower's Sweepstakes, out of Miss South, by South.—In 1772, he won 50l. at Sheffield, beating Legacy, Jack-O! and Chance; also 50l. at Wakefield, beating Princess and Young Jason. He was sold to Sir James Pennyman, but proved unsuccessful.

1767, Euryalus, bought of Henry Penton, Esq. and got by Lord Grosvenor's Arabian, out of Fairy, the dam of Chatsworth, &c.—At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1774, at 8st. 8lb. he beat Strawberry, 7st. 9lb. Ditch-in, 200gs.—Sold to Mr. Garforth.—*Euryalus*, when Mr. Penton's, won 170gs. at Basingstoke; the King's plates at Winchester, Salisbury, Lewes, and at Newmarket in October; and, in Mr. Garforth's possession, he won five 50l. plates. He was a stallion at Beverley, &c.

1767, Glasgow, bought of Mr. Hutton, and got by Match'em; dam, (Ferret's grandam) by Lord Monson's Arabian, Mixbury, Mulso Bay Turk. He started four times, but proved unsuccessful.

1767, Goldfinch, bought of John Pratt, Esq. and got by Match'em; dam by Cub, out of the Old Squirt Mare. At Newcastle, 1775, he won 50l. give-and-take, beating Conjecture, Speculator, and Northumberland; and at York, he won 50l. (with Mr. Perram's 30l. added) give-and-take, beating Blacklegs, Speculator, and Burford. On Tuesday, at York, 1776,* he won 50l. with Mr. Perram's 30l. added, give-and-take, beating, at four heats, Pleader, Brim, Mayduke, and Speculator; also 50l. give-and-take, at Wakefield, beating Mayduke. In 1777, he walked over for 50l. give-and-take, at Beverley; and won 50l. give-and-take, at Scarborough. He was sold to Mr. Leedes for a stallion.

1767, Lothario, bought of Edward Leedes, Esq. and got by Old England; dam by Second, out of an own sister to Perseus, by the Bolton Starling.—At Newmarket, in 1771, he walked over B. C. for a stakes of 400gs: he also won 50l. at Wakefield, and 50l. at Northallerton. In 1772, he won 50l. at Beverley, and the subscription-purse of 277l. 10s. at York, beating

* On Monday evening and Tuesday morning, a very heavy rain fell, which occasioned the course to be remarkably soft for about fifty yards in the basin: coming down to the turn, they ran sometimes above the horses' knees in water: and for about two distances, in going from and returning to the Knavesmire wood, the course was particularly soft and heavy. Mr. Leonard Jewison rode Goldfinch, and also Patroclus a four-mile match the same day.

Miss

Miss Timms and Regulator. And at York, in 1773, at 7st. 11lb. he beat Miss Arkendale, 6st. 11lb. four miles, 200gs.

1768, Ancaster, bought of the Duke of Ancaster, and got by Blank, out of Phœbe, by Tortoise. At Newmarket, 1773, Ancaster, 7st. 9lb. beat Lycurgus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. B. C. 300gs. At York, at 8st. 2½lb. he won a stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. four miles, beating Mopsqueezer, 8st.; Pioneer, 8st. 1lb. paid. At Richmond, 1774, he won the gold cup,* beating Perdita. At Newmarket, 1775, he received 150gs. from Chalkstone. At York, at 9st. he beat Lord Rockingham's Hotspur, 8st. four miles, 250gs. At Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1776, at 8st. 7lb. he ran a dead heat with Hercules, 8st. On Monday after the Meeting, he received 100gs. from Tuberose. He won the gold cup at Wakefield, and 50l. at Doncaster. At York, in 1778, at 8st. 11lb. he beat Hypocrite, 8st. four miles, 100gs. He was afterwards a stallion, and sire of several good hunters.

1768, Burford, bought of Lord Chedworth, and got by Merlin, out of Young Bowes (Lord Chedworth's Snap's dam), by Dormouse.— At Burford, in 1772, he was second to Lord Grosvenor's Sweetwilliam for the sweepstakes of 25gs. each, p. p. (42 subscribers) four miles, beating Guider, Milliner, Florist, Scaramouch, Florizel, and twelve others. At the same meeting, he won a sweepstakes of 25gs. each, p. p. (18 subscribers) beating Methodist, Pendragon, Bachelor, and Premier. He won the maiden plate of 50l. at Beverley. He was sold to Mr. Barlow, and won the 50l. give-and-take, (with Mr. Perram's 30l. added) at York, beating Furiband and Slim. And at Boroughbridge, 1775, he won 50l. give-and-take, beating Northumberland and Amaryllis. He was again sold (1775) to Mr. Wentworth, for 50gs. for a hack.

1768, North-Star, borrowed of Mr. George Snowden. He was own brother to Atalanta, by Match-'em, out of Lass of the Mill, by Oroonoko, Traveller. At Newmarket, in April, 1774, at 8st. 4lb. he beat Mr. Fenton's Archimedes, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. B. C. 300gs. He was a good runner.

1769, Clementina, bought of W. F. Osbaldeston, Esq. and got by Jalap, out of a daughter of Cade. At Newmarket, in April, 1773, she received 40gs. compromise from Lord Clermont's Squirrella, 8st. 4lb. B. C. 100gs. She started four times that year, and was unsuccessful.

1769, Countess, bought of Mr. Cornforth, and got by Syphon. In 1774, she won the maiden plate of 50l. at Lincoln; she was afterwards a brood mare.

1769, Creeper, bought of Mr. Allenby, own brother to Statesman, by Sultan, out of a sister to Diana, by Goliah. In 1773, he won a stakes of 20gs. each, p. p. (11 subscribers) at Newcastle.

1769, Farmer, bought of a farmer at Kippax, and got by Elephant, dam by Cade. Unsuccessful.

1769, Pyrois, bought of John Pratt, Esq. and got by Match'em, out of Jenny-O! by Regulus. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1774, he beat Mr. Douglas's Mo-

* This cup was sent to Matthew Wentworth, Esq. (Mr. Wentworth's brother) in America.

nitor, 8st. 7lb. each, Ditch-in, 500gs. He was sold to Mr. Hay, and afterwards raced, and was a stallion in France.

1769, Spangle, bought of Lord Bolingbroke, and got by Brilliant, out of Peggy, by Cade. At York, in June, 1773, he won 50l. for four-year-olds, beating Matchless, Timms, &c.

1770, Black Tom, bought of Mr Robinson, and got by Engineer, dam by Young Cade, Mogul, Bartlett's Childers. In 1775, he won the maiden plate of 50l at Newcastle; 50l. at Wakefield; and 50l. at Doncaster, beating Euryalus and Trentham; he also won two 50l. plates at Malton. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1776, at 8st. 6lb he beat Hippolytus, 8st. B. C. 200gs. and won the 100l. plate at Doncaster, beating Fireworker and Phocion. And at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1777, at 8st. 7lb. he won a stakes of 200gs. each, B. C. beating Captive, 8st. and Pillager, 7st. 12lb. He was hunted, and afterwards a country stallion.

1770, Cashkeeper, bought of Richard Ayrton, Esq. and got by Doge, dam by Sampson, out of Bay Malton's dam. Started three times and was unsuccessful; he was afterwards a hunter *Cashkeeper, alias Extinguisher,* when Mr. Ayrton's, in 1774, won a stakes of 120gs. at Hunmanby. In 1776, he won the King's plates at Nottingham and York.

1770, Pigeon, bought of Mr. Robinson, and got by Adolphus, dam by a son of Cade. At Newmarket, in April, 1774, he beat Mr Stapleton's ch. c. brother to Hollandoise, 8st. each, B. C. 300gs. He started three times in 1774, but proved unsuccessful.

1770, Valiant, bought of Mr. Elliott, and got by Valiant. At Newmarket, in May, 1773, at 7st. 7lb. he beat Lord Clermont's Khalan, 7st. 3lb. Ditch-in, 100gs. —Sold.

1771, Jolly Roger, bred by Mr. Wentworth, and got by Doge, his dam by Cade, out of Mr. Norris's Greylegs, by Blaze. At York, in 1775, he beat Mr. Stapleton's Seven-and-Eleven, 8st. 7lb. each, four miles, 300gs. and won 50l. at Wakefield; he was afterwards a hunter.

1771, Monimia, bought of Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart. and got by Match'em, dam by Alcides, Crab, out of Snap's dam. At Malton, in 1775, she won 50l. beating, at four two-mile heats, Bauble, Mars, Lucy, and Polly. At Newmarket, in May, 1776, she beat Lord Clermont's Soubrette, 8st. 3lb. each, D. C. 200gs. She broke down at York in August, and was sold for a brood mare, and was the grandam of Hambletonian, &c.

1771, Mousetrap, bought of Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. and got by Careless. At Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1777, he beat Pillager, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 200gs. In the First Spring Meeting, he received 80gs. from Colleague. In the Second Spring Meeting, he beat Shittlecock, 8st. 3lb. each, B. C. 100gs. He also won the maiden plate of 50l. at Hull.

1771, Salopian, bred by Mr. Wentworth, and got by Marsk, out of Sultana, (own sister to Sultan and Bucephalus) by Regulus. At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1775, he won a produce match over B. C. for 300gs. Sold to Mr. Pigott previous to running.—*Salopian* was a good runner, having won two matches of 200gs. each, one of 500gs. and two of 100gs. each; a stakes of 500gs. and one of 65gs. He

He received three forfeits, viz. 80gs. 150gs. and 45gs. he also won two 50l. plates.

1772, CHAMONT, bought of Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart and own brother to Monimia, by Match'em. At Beverley, in 1776, he won 50l. beating Drake and Paris.

1772, BLUE-BELL, bred by Mr. Wentworth, and got by Doge, dam by Cade, out of Mr. Norris's Greylegs, by Blaze. Unsuccessful.

(To be continued.)

MR. GASCOIGNE.

THE remains of Mr. Gascoigne were interred in the family vault, at Berwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, on Thursday, the 9th instant. A great number of mourning coaches, in which were his friends, attended; also upwards of 1500 of the tenantry and neighbouring gentlemen, to express their sorrow for the fatal accident which terminated the existence of this valuable and noble youth.

The following inscription, written by his highly-respected and disconsolate parent, is to be placed on his tomb:

"Here is deposited what remains of THOMAS CHARLES GASCOIGNE, only son of SIR THOMAS GASCOIGNE, BART. He met his fate from a fall in hunting, and expired at Walling Wells, the seat of Sir Thomas White, Bart. in Nottinghamshire, on Friday, the 27th of October, 1809. Snatched thus prematurely, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, from his numerous friends, his nearly heart-broken father derives consolation from the soothing reflection of the general estimation and affection borne to his child during his short career.—*With the parent the family will become extinct*"

For a Copy of Lines to the memory of the above deceased, see our Poetical department.

BADGER-BAITING.

FROM the circumstance, principally, of the Badger's being an animal of great muscular powers, and unusual strength of body, he has suffered very severely from vulgar prejudices. He has been accused by the farmers of destroying rabbits and lambs. But surely the mischief he commits cannot be very extensive, since it is not yet satisfactorily ascertained whether he lives on animal or on vegetable food. There are many reasons for supposing that, except in scratching up the ground in search of roots, he is perfectly harmless and inoffensive. The writers who defend the Badger from the charge of being carnivorous, assert, that, besides roots, he feeds on fruit of various kinds, on grass, insects, and frogs.—In compensation for want of speed in the Badger, nature has endowed him with strength, and with such weapons, both offensive and defensive, that scarcely any creature will venture, singly, to attack him. The address and courage with which, on all occasions, he defends himself, have caused him frequently to be *baited* by dogs, as a popular amusement; or, more properly speaking, an amusement for the rabble. Although his disposition is naturally indolent, yet on these barbarous and truly scandalous occasions, he uses the most vigorous efforts of strength. Throwing himself back on his haunches, his motions are

so

so rapid, that the dogs are often desperately wounded on the first assault, and compelled to give up the contest. His skin also is so thick and loose, as not only to resist the impressions of their teeth, but also to suffer him, even when within their gripe, to turn round upon and wound his adversaries. In this manner he gallantly resists the repeated attacks of men and dogs from all quarters; till, overpowered by numbers, and enfeebled by wounds, he is at last compelled to submit to his miserable fate;—the miserable fate of an indolent and inoffensive animal, through the savage and diabolical cruelty of man!!!

IRISH QUARRELS IN LOW LIFE;

As exemplified in the Trial of John and Mary Jordan, in the September Sessions at the Old Bailey, 1809.

MARY JORDAN was indicted for that she, not having the fear of God before her eyes, being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the 16th of July, upon Walter Flaherty, feloniously, wilfully, and with malice aforethought, did make an assault; that she, with a certain flat iron, which she then and there held in her right hand, in and upon his forehead, did strike, penetrate, and wound, thereby giving to him one mortal wound, of the length of one inch, and the depth of half an inch, and also a mortal bruise, of which said mortal wound and bruise from the said 16th of July, until the 1st of August he did languish, and languishing did live until the said 1st of August, and upon the said 1st of August he died; and so the jurors say, that she, the said Mary Jordan, the said Walter Flaherty did kill and murder.

And that WILLIAM JORDAN, together with one DAVID DUFFEY, not yet taken, on the said 16th of July, was there present, feloniously helping and comforting the said Mary Jordan, to do and commit the said felony and murder.

William Jordan and Mary Jordan stood charged upon the coroner's inquisition.

The case was stated by Mr. Gurney.

HANNAH FLAHERTY. Q. Are you the widow of Walter Flaherty?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you and he live in Wright's building's, Chick-lane?—A. Yes.

Q. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 16th of July, were you and your husband at home?—A. Not the whole of the afternoon, my husband and me had been out in the fields; we came home between nine and ten o'clock, it was dark.

Q. At what time was it your husband received the blow?—A. Between ten and eleven at night.

Q. Do you lodge up stairs?—A. No. In an under-ground kitchen.

Q. When you came home, was the place quiet, or was the place noisy?—A. Mary Jordan and her acquaintances were fighting and jawing; there were a great many people assembled, I cannot say how many, they had handles of pitchforks, shovels, and pokers.

Q. Did you and your husband go through the court to your lodgings?—A. Yes. He went to Harry Jordan and this man, and told them to have nothing to do with it, upon which David Duffey gave my husband, the deceased, the first blow, with the handle of a pitchfork.

Q. Before Duffey gave him the blow,

blow, had your husband struck him?—A. No. Nor did he mean it.

Q. Where did Duffey strike him?—A. Across the head, from which he bled very much; my husband said to him, you did give me this blow, but you did not knock me down. He was making his way home, when Mary Jordan came with the flat iron; she said if he did not knock him down, she would; she gave him a blow with the flat iron on his forehead, it cut him so deep I cannot tell how deep, it was bleeding so.

Q. When he received the blow did he stand or fall?—A. He fell; they all gathered round him then, and he hung by me.

Q. Did you see the prisoner Jordan then?—Yes. He had the handle of a pitchfork in his hand.

Q. And when the people gathered round your husband after the blow, where was William Jordan?—A. He was in the croud, he gave him a blow with the handle of the pitchfork, he struck him on the shoulder; after Jordan had given him the blow, there were ever so many struck him, I put up my hand to save part of the blows, and Jordan struck me on the fingers.

Q. Did you at last get your husband into the house?—A. Yes, I got him into the door, I was afraid of taking him into the kitchen.

Q. In what condition was he when you got him in?—A. He was bleeding so, I thought there was not a drop of blood remaining in him; in the course of the night he was taken to Bartholomew's hospital; he died about two o'clock in the morning on the first of August, in the hospital.

Mr. Alley. You are the wife of the deceased?—A. Yes.

Q. What countryman was your husband?—A. He came from the county of Golvin.

Q. The poor man at the bar he came from the county of Mayo. Do you recollect your husband challenging the Mayo men to come out and fight, he would fight them for five guineas?—A. No such thing.

Q. Take care, although your husband is dead, you must speak the truth. You and your husband had been out in the country?—A. Yes.

Q. Did he walk with a stick!—A. No, he never walked with a stick. In Ireland he might, he had not a stick in his hand that night.

Q. Had not you and your husband been at the public house where this disturbance happened?—A. No.

Q. Am I to understand you that the disturbance had been going on when you and your husband returned?—A. Yes.

Q. Were any brick bats throwing about when you and your husband returned?—A. No.

Q. Did not your husband, shortly after he came home, cry out that he and an even number of his countrymen, would fight an even number of the other countrymen?—A. No.

Q. Do you know Jerry Rian?—A. Yes, he lodges in the same house that I do.

Q. Who was it desired Jerry Rian to knock down Mrs. Jordan?—A. I cannot tell. I did not, he did not knock her down. I did not see her knocked down, nor any blow given to her.

Q. I dare say you did not see any bricks thrown into the man's place?—A. I did, after I got into my own house.

Q. Did you see any bricks thrown into

into the prisoner's house?—A. No, I had trouble enough with my husband; I was putting clean cloths to my husband to stop the blood.

Q. Did you not see a knife in your husband's hand, and that knife taken from his hand by the prisoner?—A. I did not, nor by any body in the world.

MARY O'BRIAN. Q. Do you live in Wright's Buildings?—A. Yes.

Q. Were you there on Sunday evening the 10th of July, when this misfortune took place?—A. Yes; I was in my own place, No. 2, Wright's Buildings.

Q. How many houses are there there?—A. Ten or twelve, it is not a very large place. My husband and me came in between eight and nine in the evening; there was a disturbance then between Molly Jordan and Edward Foy; Mary Jordan said, that she would not go to bed that night till she had seen blood, and have revenge for what had passed with Edward Foy; she went out, and soon after she and her husband came in; he took off his clothes, and said he came in for fighting; who began first, I cannot say, some men of his party began to throw bricks and tiles at the next court; the Castlebar men threw bricks and tiles; the Golvin men came out, and asked what they meant to do; they offered four men to four men, or six to six, they had sticks, the Castlebar men came out with hay forks, I cannot say how many; Jordan was with them; the Castlebar men drove the other men in the court, and broke their hay forks against the corner of the soap house; they huzzaed, and said they had driven them in. After this Jerry Rian, a lodger of the deceased, came out; he said as they were neighbours it was a shame for them to be against each other; Molly Jordan desired him to go in, or he would suffer; Jerry Rian came up to Molly Jordan, they had an argument, what passed between them I cannot say; she fell, he put his hand to her breast. Molly Jordan went in and undressed herself; she came out again in the court with nothing but her petticoat and her shift on. Mrs. Molloy desired the wife of the deceased to go and take the flat iron from Molly Jordan's hand.

Q. Did you see the woman prisoner have the flat iron in her hand?—A. No. I cannot swear that it was a flat iron; Jerry Rian went into his own house with his head cut. The deceased came out, and said, for God Almighty's sake what spite had they against his house to do so, to knock it down.

Q. Had any bricks been thrown into his house?—A. Yes, I saw William and Harry Jordan come up to the deceased; they had some words between them, the deceased desired Harry Jordan to go from him, he did not like him with that sneering laugh, he was afraid of himself between the two Jordans. I saw Flaherty, the deceased, and the two Jordans grasping each other; they were at my window; I told my husband I was very much frightened.

Q. Did you see Mary Jordan while this was going on?—A. No, I did not see Mary Jordan do any thing.

JAMES BIRMINGHAM. Q. Were you in Wright's Buildings on the day we have been mentioning?—A. Yes.

Q. Are you an inhabitant of it?—A. No, I am very glad of it. I am an Irishman; when I went into the buildings, Flaherty and the prisoner Jordan, were talking in Irish; Flaherty spoke in Irish, he said that the-

the blow had not taken effect. Mary Jordan came over, she was in her smock and petticoat, and without a cap; she pulled out a flat iron, she said if that will not do this will do; she knocked him down, and Harry Jordan struck him with a fork; the deceased fell down when she struck him. That is all I saw of it. I know of this here Jordan killing a man before.

Charles Wakefield. Q. You are one of the house surgeons of Bartholomew's Hospital?—A. Yes; The deceased was brought into the hospital on a Monday morning; he lived a fortnight and two days. I opened his head, the skull was fractured, the wound in his forehead was the cause of his death.

William Jordan, guilty, aged 33; Mary Jordan, guilty, aged 32—Of Manslaughter, not of the murder.—Each confined one year in Newgate, and fined one shilling.

INDIAN COQUETRY.

THE Chawanon Indians, inhabiting the Lake Mareotti, and who are considered the most warlike and civilised of the American Indians, have a manner of courtship which we believe to be peculiar to themselves. When such of their young women as have pretensions to beauty, attain their twelfth year, which is the usual period of their marriage, they either keep themselves quite secluded at home, or when they go out muffle themselves up in such a manner, that nothing is seen but their eyes. On these indications of beauty, they are eagerly sought in marriage, and those suitors who have acquired the greatest reputation as warriors or hunters, obtain the consent of the family. After this, the lover repairs to the cabin, where the beauty is lying enveloped on her couch. He gently approaches and uncovers her face, so that his person may be seen, and if this be to her mind, she invites him to lay down by her side—if not, she again conceals her face, and the lover retires. A husband has the privilege of marrying all his wife's sisters as they arrive at age, so that after, often before, his first wife is thirty, he has married and abandoned at least a dozen.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE Guernsey, or red-legged partridge *(Tetras rufus. Lin.)* was shot a short time since, within the manor of Newbury, Berks, by Alfred Slocock, Esq. Mayor of that borough. One of the same species was shot about thirteen years ago, on Beedon Common, in that county, and is now in Dr. Lamb's Museum, Newbury. Although this bird is vulgarly called the Guernsey Partridge, yet we are assured by modern ornithologists, that it is very rare in that island; it has been a matter of doubt among naturalists, whether these birds are natives of Great Britain, from those which have hitherto been shot at large, having been supposed to have made their escape from some neighbouring ornithouses; but we cannot learn that any birds of that species are at present, or have been, kept in or near Newbury. Mr. Slocock met with this bird in a covey of the common partridge, *(tetras perdix)* and singled him out by the extreme beauty of his plumage, with red legs and bill.

FEAST OF WIT.

IT is the custom, in Catholic countries, to shave the monks, *gratis*, on their making application in the name of the Father. A mendicant friar entered a barber's shop, and, crossing himself, said, "Shave me, for *God's sake!*" Strap, to be even with him for the unprofitable job he had brought him, selected a razor like a saw, lathered him with cold water, and began to scrape, or rather rasp, the priest's face, till the tears streamed down his cheeks. During this painful operation, a cur in the street set up a most piteous yell: "What's the matter with the dog?" cried the barber, "I wonder what they are doing to him?"—"Shaving him for *God's sake*, I suppose," said the friar, with a groan.

A GENTLEMAN lately riding in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, saw, at the door of a farm-house, an *animal* that baffled his sagacity to understand.—"My boy," says he, to a lad who was lying by, "what sort of a *beast* do you call this?" "Why, Zur," says the boy, "he was once a *Grayhound*, and we call'd'n *Vly*; but *Measter* cut off his ears and his tail, and meade'n into a *Maishtiff*, and now we calls'n *Lion!*"

Turnpike-man outwitted.——As two sailors approached the end of Prince's Bridge, Bristol, a few days ago, one of them called out to the toll-man, "I say, master, does a body pay any thing more, for carrying over a burden?" "No, (says the toll-man) 'tis all alike for that." "Well, then," replied Jack Tar, "here goes," and jumping upon the shoulders of his shipmate, rode over in triumph; but evidently rather for the sake of the joke than saving his halfpenny.

DURING the time of General Belleisle's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him, a gentleman had the curiosity to ask on what business they were going; when one of the Officers, fond of punning, replied, "We are going to Windsor to keep a *General Fast.*"

A LUDICROUS circumstance occurred lately, at the Crown Inn, Portsmouth:—A number of Officers gave a grand ball and supper to their female friends. The party was so numerous, that no room in the house was sufficient for the supper; the stable was accordingly cleaned, and fitted up in a temporary manner; the sides, &c. being completely covered with flags and pendants of ships. The supper was cold, and the cloth was laid early in the evening, the delicacies put on, and it was left for a short time by the attendants; upon the return of one of them, to his great surprise he found an un-invited visitor, who, in the most rude manner, took his seat *upon the table*, and was eating the jellies, and other delicacies; and this was no other than a monkey, who had the range of the premises, and had got from the loft, through an aperture, to partake of the feast and rejoicings of the day.

A GENTLEMAN, attached to the British army in Spain, on stating to one of the Benedictines, the difficulty which he experienced in his dealings with the Junta, was thus answered by the crafty old monk:—"My good friend, you English are too good-tempered with these countrymen of ours; they will do nothing without compulsion. You ought always, when you make a requisition, to threaten them with a halter; if your demands are not complied with in a given time, pull out your watch, and put a rope round one of their necks, and I pledge my existence you will never be disappointed."

The following lines from Shenstone, are often scribbled on inn windows:—

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.

The following parody is written beneath the above lines, at an inn in the West:—

Whoe'er has travell'd much about,
Must very often sigh to think,
That every inn will turn you out,
Unless you've plenty of the chink.

ANECDOTE.—Talma, the comedian, lately went to Petersburgh. He was there received by the Grand Duke Constantine with that familiarity natural to barbarous Courts, where, as Montesquieu says, they make a blackguard a Prince, and a Prince a blackguard. Talma one day entered the apartments of the Grand Duke Constantine, in a magnificently embroidered dress, without first demanding leave to pay his court to his Highness. Upon his entrance, the Grand Duke looked at him for some time, and at last exclaimed—"My God, they have made you a King too!"

English Obstinacy.—Charles, the sixth Duke of Somerset, had a great aversion to being looked at or spoken to by inferiors. His servants obeyed him by signs, and when he went into the country, the roads were previously cleared. His servant one day being employed in the customary service, met a countryman driving a hog, whom he haughtily bid to "get out of the way." "Why?" said the surly rustic. "Because my Lord Duke is coming, and he don't like to be looked on." The countryman enraged, seized the hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I wool zee him, and my pig shall zee him too."

A FEW days since, a man, charged with having committed some petty offence, was taken before the Mayor of a borough in the county of Essex, who, after a very patient investigation of the charge, told the prisoner that he thought there were sufficient grounds for committing him. "I'll tell you what, your Lordship," replied the prisoner, "you know better—you know you can't commit me." "What!" exclaimed the Mayor, "can't I—*I'll bet you half a crown of that*," and immediately drew the money from his breeches pocket, and threw it down upon the table.

A young couple, who resided at a little village in Yorkshire, went to the parish Church to be married; the curate, judging from the meanness of their appearance, that they had not much money, before he began the ceremony, asked for his fees; the man produced half a crown, (his whole stock of cash) which the

Parson said was not enough, and refused to marry them.—"Well," said the groom, "as I have not money enough for all the ceremony, please to let me have as much as you can afford for half a crown."

When Sir Thomas More was Lord Chancellor, he decreed that a gentleman restore to a lady property of which he had wronged her. "I hope," said the defendant, "your Lordship will grant me a *long day*"—"I will," replied the Chancellor—"Next Monday is St. Barnabas Day, which is the *longest* in the year."

The Will of an Ass—translated from the Spanish.—"My will and intent is, that my tongue, when I am dead and gone, be bestowed among such of my children as are flatterers and backbiters; to those other of my children that are angry and choleric, I bequeath my tail for a cooler; my eyes I leave to the lascivious; my brains to alchemists and judiciary astrologers; my heart to the covetous; my ears to the seditious and sowers of discord; my snout to epicures, gluttons, and drunkards; my bones to the slothful; my loins to the proud; my chine to the obstinate. Let my hinder legs be given to the lawyers, my fore feet to the judges, and my head to your scriveners and notaries. My flesh I give to the dogs, and my skin I leave to be divided among my natural children."

The late Dr. Darwin had an impediment in his speech: he was sent for by a lady who was ill of a violent cold: she was a constant church-goer in all weathers. The Doctor observed, that she might thank the d—d church for her cold. The lady was quite shocked, which the Doctor perceiving, rectified his error by saying, "Madam, I said, that you might thank the d—d—d—damp church for your cold."

Family Pride.—A notorious culprit, who suffered some years ago at Salisbury, being the last of three brothers that had been executed for similar offences, after sentence was passed, said, "My Lord, I humbly thank you." His Lordship, astonished, asked him for what? "Because, my Lord, I thought I should have been hung in chains, which *would have been a disgrace to the family*."

King Charles II. of England, spending a cheerful evening with a few friends, one of the company, seeing his Majesty in good humour, thought it a good time to ask him a favour, and was so absurd as to do so. After he had mentioned his suit, the King instantly and very acutely replied, "Sir, you must ask your King for that."

A baker, of the name of *Death*, having lately died, a wag offered the following as an appropriate epitaph:

"Here lies Death, who liv'd by bread:
We all shall *live* now *Death* is dead."

A reputed madman being asked, a few days since, if he was married?—"No, no," replied he, "I was never *so mad as that*."

A certain *bon-vivant*, being lately examined at one of the Public Offices, was rather witty upon the Magistrate; upon which a solicitor employed on the occasion observed to him, that he seemed a *dry fellow*.—"You would be convinced of it," answered the jolly wag,

wag, "if you were to see the *quantity of wine I drink*."

A MALICIOUS person gave out of another, with whom he had had a quarrel, that his mother sold *sheeps' tongues.* The other having heard of this, called on him:—"'Tis true," said he, "my mother sold sheeps' tongues and neats' tongues, but in her life she never sold *so bad a tongue* as thine."

A POOR woman, whose husband had been three years at sea, having a child born, was asked, how, as he had never come to see her in the whole time, it could possibly have happened. "Why," she replied, "to be sure we never met, but I *had many comfortable letters from him.*"

A GLAZIER, they say,
Let a lamp fall one day,
In the midst of the street,
And broke it complete:
"My fortune improves," cried the wag,
"and looks brighter!
A Glazier I was, and I'm now a *Lamp-lighter.*"

A CERTAIN Barrister (Counsellor C——n), celebrated for his wit, wished to acquit a client once by proving him *non compos mentis*; for this purpose the man appeared in court dressed in wretched habiliments, his face squalid, and his shirt somewhat resembling, in complexion, the colour of a coal-heaver's bag; added to this, the more to impress the Court with the idea of his insanity, he was constantly distorting his countenance, and assuming the strangest gesticulations, which one of Counsellor C—n's colleagues noticing, and not being aware of the trick, observed to him how easily they should be enabled to prove the man insane, for the furniture of his mind was evidently not right. Yes, replied the other very gravely, and we can prove it from the furniture of his body too, for his shirt has certainly got the *hydrophobia.*

A WOULD-BE wit, meeting with an unexpected retort, replied with much acrimony, "You, though you pretend to detest roasting, are as ready as any one to *take up a word.*" "It may be so," replied the other, "but you are the last man who ought to complain, as in my life I never heard you utter a word *worth taking up.*"

AUCTIONEERS, in making up lots, accompany a desirable article with a heap of rubbish, as the only means of getting rid of the latter, seeming always to have in view the old Bristol story of "The Cheese and the Grindstone," which is as follows:—A sea-captain, who, by a stroke of policy, had acquired the name of Darby Alleyne, sailed from Bristol for the West Indies, at a time when the Antilles were blockaded by the enemy. One island being closely pressed, was actually in a state of starvation; and the Bristolian, who determined to get there if possible, after fighting in the most gallant manner, reached the port. The famished inhabitants enquired what his lading was? and were answered, "Cheeses and Grindstones."—"O, d—n your *grindstones!*" said they; "our noses have been pretty well brought to that already—land your *cheese*, my boy—that is what we want."—"Stop, gentlemen," whispered Darby—"you shall not have one without the other. So a cheese and a grindstone—a cheese and a grindstone—as long as you please; you shall buy both or neither."—

What

What could they do? There was only *one shop to go to*; and therefore, for the sake of the *cheese*, they put up with the *grindstone*.

EPIGRAM,

On a Person styling himself Knight of the Polar Star, who attempted to steal, at Hatchett's Hotel, the Watch of a Waiter named DEATH.

THE Polar Star's redoubted Knight
Stole into DEATH's fell chamber,
To filch a time-piece true and bright,
While DEATH was thought to slumber.
But DEATH, who's never off his guard,
Full well saw all that past,
DEATH cries, "Death is your reward,
For you'll be hang'd at last."

JUST after a division in the House of Commons, on a motion of Mr. Fox, a member, who had been absent the whole day, came down to the House full of the grape. Whether it was to make amends for having played the truant, or from whatever motive, we know not, but nothing could prevent the Baronet from attempting to speak on the honourable Member's motion; but beginning with, "Sir, I am *astonished*," the claret-drinking patriot could get no farther. The House, however, did not discover the Baronet, till he had repeated the word *astonished* seven times at least, when a general merriment ensued. Sir George was offended at the levity of the members, and asking if there was any thing ridiculous in the word, begun again; "Sir, I say I am astonished;" which repeating three or four times more, the House was in a roar of laughter: upon which the Baronet appealed to the Speaker, who pleasantly asked him what he would have him to do? The honourable Member grew warm upon this, and declared he would not give up the word—"for I am really *astonished* (says he), quite *astonished*, Mr. Speaker"—and was proceeding, but finding the bursts of laughter too strong for his obstinacy, the Baronet was induced, by the advice of his friends, after having mentioned the word *astonished* above a dozen times, to change it for *surprised*; by which time, having entirely forgotten what he intended to say, he sat himself down.

A GENTLEMAN, not very remarkable for the brightness of his ideas, having conversed with a lady of great reputed talent, afterwards observed to a friend of her's, that she displayed no wit while conversing with him. "I dare say not," replied the other, "for being a lady of politeness as well as talent, she always *adapts her conversation to the capacity of her company*.

ON A BAD ORATOR.

YOU *move* the people all must own,
Since they all *leave* you one by one.

A SILLY buck, boasting that he could disguise himself so that no one should know him: "there is one thing, observed a person present, which you cannot disguise." "What is that?" "Why your *folly*, Sir."

A YOUNG lady walking along with her eyes cast upon the ground, a rude fellow accosted her, with "Pray, Madam, what are you looking for?"—"A *puppy* (replied the lady,) and having found him, I now turn back."

A LADY being asked in company who was the gentleman with the *large whiskers*, hesitatingly replied —"His name is Tom—Tom—*Tom Cat*, I believe."

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

LORD Darlington's polite note to Mr. Bartholoman, Editor of the York Herald.

"*Bilham-House, Oct.* 23, 1809.

"Having no card to send you this week, being on the eve of departure for Newmarket, I request you to insert the underwritten advertisement in your next Herald:

"Lord Darlington's foxhounds having now entirely relinquished the Badsworth hunt, or West Riding country, he thinks it necessary, through the channel of the widely-circulated and valuable sporting intelligencer, called The York Herald, to inform the gentlemen of the Raby hunt, and all others who do him the honour of hunting with his fox hounds, that in future there will be three meetings at Borough-bridge, and three at Catterick-bridge, in each season; the first of which will commence at Borough-bridge, on Friday, the 10th of November, on which day the hounds will hunt from thence, and throw off at Goldsborough Moor, at half past ten, unless previously advertised in the Herald of next week.

I remain, Sir,

Your well-wisher,

DARLINGTON."

HIS Majesty's stag-hounds went out on Tuesday, the 14th inst. with a numerous field of sportsmen.—The deer selected for the day was a remarkably fine stag, now twenty-one years old. After a sharp run, he entered Cashiobury Park, the seat of the Earl of Essex, where he took soil in a sheet of water, in his lordship's park, called Broadwater. About five years ago he was hunted over the same ground, and took precisely the same course as on this day. Previous to his taking soil, he lay down under the same tree, beneath which he had laid down in the former chase, until the hounds came up. Only two couple were up with him when he plunged into the water, into which they followed him.

THE beginning of this month, there was a noble fox hunt in the neighbourhood of Skipton, of which sport several gentlemen of that place, and of Addingham, partook with great avidity. The animal, being a fine one, afforded them a smartly-contested run of nearly fifteen miles; he was at last taken up as he was coming out of the canal near Snaygill toll-bar, by Mr. Jonas Ellison, of Skipton. It is worthy of remark, that this modern Nimrod is sixty-one years of age, and has been a genuine sportsman upwards of fifty years. His favourite horse, which he rode, *Duke*, is twenty-seven years old, and stone-blind; and, during the pursuit, cleared a six-feet fence with the greatest facility.

ON Thursday, the 9th inst. Lieutenant

tenant-Colonel Hasell's fox hounds unkennelled an old fox in a coppice near Culgarth, in Cumberland, about ten o'clock in the forenoon. At starting he made a circuit by Newbiggin, Westmoreland; then he took the rivulet which divides the counties, over the east side of Cross-fell down to the river Tees, till he entered the county of Durham; he next directed his course northward, crossed part of Northumberland, over the Tyne to Keshburn, and up Blackburn (Ousby-fell) to Cross-fell; and was taken and killed, in view of the sportsmen, upon a bed of stones, near the top of Cross-fell, close by a spring called Gentlemen's Well. It is supposed that the chase was about forty miles, yet it did not last longer than about two hours and a half.—Mr. Thomas Gibson, near Kirkoswald, was at the chase, and made many a dangerous leap, though turned eighty-five years of age. After the pursuit, the gentlemen, horses, and hounds, were all hospitably regaled by the benevolence of Mr. Salkeld, of Wrangbeck. It is worthy of remark, that the above-mentioned sporting veteran (Mr. Gibson) also attended the annual hunt at Temple Sowerby, county of Westmoreland, on the 1st instant, and was in at the death of three hares.

Mr. Gibson—another Account.—At Temple Sowerby Hunt, on the 1st inst. Mr. Thomas Gibson, of Field Garth, aged eighty-five, joined the chase, and was at the killing of three hares. The day following, he joined Mr. Hasell's hounds, when a fox was run over Cross-fell, (one of the highest mountains in Britain) where the said old gentleman came in *first* at the death. Several were bogged, and never reached the summit of the mountain.

Early this month, Mr. John Bowman, of Warwick Bridge, with a few friends, went out a hare-hunting, and were agreeably surprised at starting a fox, near the Wark Mill, in the parish of Wetheral, to whom they gave play; and after pursuing him to Moss Nook, from thence to Carlattan, the Faugh, Hayton, Castlecarrock-fells, and back to Carlattan, Hayton, How, and Castlecarrocks, the sporting gentlemen had the pleasure of killing poor Reynard, near Harley Gate. The space run over in this chase, could not be less than forty miles.

On Thursday, the 2d inst. the old Berkshire hounds had a most capital and extraordinary run. They unkennelled their fox in Headington Furze, soon after ten; and after pressing him at a very sharp pace, he swam the Cherwell, in the neighbourhood of Woodeaton, came up the meadows on the Oxford side to Holywell Church, where he was so dead beaten, that his only refuge remained in climbing on the roofs of houses like a cat, from which, however, he was soon dislodged, and then ran up Holy-street, in full view, with about three couple of hounds close at his brush. He then turned short to the right, went into the back part of Wadham College, and was finally taken in the parlour of Mrs. Wall, in Holywell, and there bagged. So singular a fox chase was, perhaps, never witnessed by the oldest inhabitant, and a very large concourse of people assembled, to see him given to the hounds in the fields near Ilsley.

On

On Monday, the 6th inst. Capt. Darell's hounds threw off at Hellesdon Bridge, Norfolk, where they were joined by Mr. Brook's pack. They soon found a hare in the meadows, and she afforded a very "fine burst" for six miles, running to the farther part of St. Faith's parish; a burst which tried the speed of some of the best horses in the two hunts. After a little check, the dogs regained the scent, and ran "breast high," doubling round by Drayton, to Hallesdon, and then a circuitous course again to Drayton, back to the meadows; but being hard pressed, puss went "straight away," and was killed near St. Austin's gate, having stood a two hours and forty minutes' chase.

The Sedgefield Meeting of the Lambton Hunt, which finished on Tuesday, the 7th inst. was numerously attended. The weather very favourable, and the sport excellent. They had some of the most excellent runs ever know in the County of Durham.

Lord Monson's Hounds.—In consequence of the death of his lordship, the Burton hounds will not go out this season.

A singular circumstance happened in the Green Park lately. A hare was seen crossing the park from Constitution-row, to the bason, near Piccadilly, whither it was pursued by a number of people.—It made its way into Piccadilly, returned, and being pursued by a dog, ran into the bason. A young man with a *hare-lip* immediately plunged in up to his middle, and took puss alive in the presence of a vast concourse of people.

Death of an eminent Dealer in Horses.—On Thursday, the 26th of October, died, in the 72d year of his age, Mr Thomas Hull, an eminent horse-dealer, whose eccentricity and humour were so often "wont to set the table in a roar." Though the lives of the great have for ages employed the pen of the panegyrist, yet good qualities, however humble the possessor, should hold a place in the record, as they entice by their example, and improve by their tendency. He was justly celebrated in his profession; and though, from the nature of it, the witness of many a chequered scene, his heart was ever open to the supplications of the wretched, and his feelings as a man would have done honour to a higher station.

We are sorry to inform our sporting friends, that Mr. Peirse's favourite mare Rosette, broke down when running for the Gold Cup at Richmond. She is turned into the stud, will be put to the horse the ensuing season, and there can be no doubt but that she will prove a very valuable brood mare.—Rosette was got by Beningbrough; her dam, Rosamond, by Tandem; her grandam, Tuberose, by King Herod; great grandam, Grey Starling, by the Bolton Starling, out of Coughing Polly, by Mr. Bartlett's Childers, Counsellor, Snake, Luggs, Old Woodcock.

M'George dropped down dead suddenly, in his exercise in the Newmarket Houghton Meeting.—He was lately purchased by Mr. Cave Browne of Mr. Hewett—and got by St. George, out of a sister to Kite, by Buzzard.

Sir William Gerard has lately bought of Mr. William Peirse, of Belleisle, near Richmond, Yorkshire, the following stud; viz. Lady

dy Sarah, by Fidget, dam by Alfred, out of Magnolia; in foal to Windle.—A bay mare, by Saint George, dam by Young Marsk, out of Emma, with a colt foal by Barnaby, and covered by Windle.—A grey filly, two years old, by Delpini, out of Flora.—A bay colt, two years old, by Shuttle, out of Lady Sarah;—and a bay colt, one year old, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah.

There are more young horses in training at Richmond and Middleham, Yorkshire, than ever were known at this time of the year.

The Marquis of Sligo has purchased of Mr. James Mackall, of Catterick, a bay mare, by Sir Peter, out of an own sister to Tickle Toby, nine years old, and in foal to Remembrancer, for 360 guineas. She is gone into Ireland.

On Wednesday, the 15th inst. a match for 50l. was decided on the road from Market Raisin to Louth, between Mr. Bennett's horse Planet, and Mr. Fatchett's brown mare the Little Cub. They were ridden by their owners. The superior size of the horse enabled his rider to distance his competitor.

On the 16th instant, a young man, an ostler in the Borough, for a wager of five guineas, undertook to trot a small poney, belonging to a gentleman in Tooley-street, ten miles in an hour. He started near the turnpike gate at Kennington, going one mile out and one mile in on the Clapham road, till the little animal performed the task four minutes within the time allowed.

Boxing.—A man of the name of Solomon Purdy was killed on Friday morning, October the 27th, in the neighbourhood of Hampton, in a battle with a brick-maker, of the name of Huskinson. The combatants had fought twenty rounds, when Purdy received a blow behind the ear, and died in less than half an hour. The contest originated in a hasty dispute, in which the deceased was the first aggressor.

Three matches will shortly take place, the first of which will be between Richmond the Black and the scientific young Belcher, for 100 guineas.—Another match is on the tapis between Dutch Sam and a stout young waterman.—The third will be between Cropley and Powell, and the whole will take place on the same day.

A pork butcher, of the name of Little, residing in St. Martin's-le-Grand, has had the courage to fling down the gauntlet to Dutch Sam. He is a vigorous young fellow, and, though an untried man, is backed confidently by his friends at even bets. The battle will take place in six weeks.

Pedestrianism.—Daniel Gilbert, a farmer, at Harlowe, in Somersetshire, is performing a task which will, if completed, exceed any thing that has been achieved by the crack pedestrians of the day. Mr. Gilbert, backed by three of his friends, has made a bet of 1000 guineas, that he will perform 1000 miles in fifteen days, which is at the rate of between sixty and seventy miles a day. Mr. G. is a stout, athletic man, and he commenced his task from Newbolt, Wilts.—We have not heard the result of this undertaking.

Captain Aiken, the pedestrian, during the present month, performed four miles in twenty-four minutes, on a spot of ground near Maidenhead, for a wager of one hundred

hundred guineas, and he had ten seconds to spare. The pedestrian is now considered the first amateur runner in England, at any distance not exceeding ten miles.

A RACE was lately run between two gentlemen of Dumfries, for a considerable bet. One of them was to run fifty yards with a person on his back, weighing about thirteen stone, in the same time that the other was to run one hundred yards, without any weight.—The former won with great ease.

A FOOT-RACE of considerable interest was run at Market-Drayton last month, between the Mayor and an Alderman of the town, which was won by the latter. At starting, betting was 6 to 5 and 2 to 1 on the Mayor, who was beat by about six lengths. It is supposed the parties weighed at least fifty stone.

A twenty-mile race was run the end of last month, on the Uxbridge Road, between Messrs. Howe and Smith, celebrated runners, which was won by the former by half a mile. The winner performed the distance in two hours and twenty-four minutes. Smith was the favourite before starting.

THREE hundred brace of small store carp were lately sent from the Duke of Norfolk's, at Home Lacy, which were deposited in the bason of the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal, as an experiment towards stocking it with this species of fish.

ON Saturday, the 18th inst. a cricket match for 5l. was played at Fangloss, near Pocklington—Full Sutton and Fangloss, against Yapham, Bolton, and Meltonby, which was won by the former.—The players were, for Full Sutton, &c. George Firby, William Gibson, John Leman, John Graves, Thomas Berker, John Gray, Robert Venn, William Hardcastle, William Carlton, and Richard Carlton.

R. HINDES, of Brigg, was lately convicted, and paid the penalty of twenty pounds, for trespassing in the woods of Sir Henry Nelthorpe, Bart. in the parish of Broughton, having a gun in his possession with an intent to kill game.

AN otter was lately killed at Rockliff, Yorkshire, of the following extraordinary dimensions:—in length four feet, and in girth round the body twenty-three inches. It was shot in the water, whither it had been chased by the dogs.

ON Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25, as the Earl of Winchilsea was walking home, in passing Mr. Bailard's livery stables, in South-street, near his lordship's house, a dog ran after him, seized him by the hand, and bit him. His lordship immediately waited on Mr. Heaviside, who directed that the part bitten should be instantly cut away. His lordship acquiesced in this opinion, and underwent the operation. The dog was seized, and taken to his lordship's house, where it will be kept for a time, in order to ascertain whether it is affected by the hydrophobia, which, we are happy to hear, there is little reason to apprehend.

THE hydrophobia continues to rage among the canine species in the neighbourhod of Exeter, to an alarming degree. A letter from a gentleman at Thorverton states, that a hound belonging to Mr. Pugh, of that place, was a short time since bitten by a dog which passed through Exeter, and was supposed to be mad.

mad. Symptoms of hydrophobia having made their appearance, the hound was chained up, and carefully kept apart. The disorder, however, rapidly increased, and about three weeks since, he died, quite mad. Upon the symptoms of disease first appearing, it was discovered that he had bitten several others of the pack, in consequence of which Mr. P. has ever since kept his hounds confined, and had a watchful eye over them.—They have, however, appeared perfectly well, until lately, when the disease again shewed itself so decidedly, and with such violence, that he found it necessary immediately to put the whole pack, fifteen couple of fine hounds, to death.

A few days since, as the servant of Mr. R. Turner, farmer, of Stamford-le-Hope, Essex, was riding a horse belonging to his master, in a field at West Thurrock, in the same county, the animal shyed at something in the way, and backing with his rider, fell into an old well in the field, which had not been sufficiently closed, and was only covered with bushes. In his fall, he of course went down backwards.—To the astonishment of every person who saw the circumstance, the young man, with great agility, cleared his feet from the stirrups, climbed upwards by means of the horse's head, and got out of the well unhurt. The horse was so terribly bruised, and, at the same time, so completely wedged into the well, that it was impossible to get him out alive. He was left there, and the well filled up over him.

Ferocious Animal.—*Mende, Oct.* 15.—A carnivorous animal is now committing great ravages in the part of the department of Gard, on the side of the communes of Villefort and of St. Andre-Capcese. It has already devoured several children. Authentic reports have been made to the neighbouring Magistrates of these accounts. Those who have seen it, are not, however, yet agreed upon the species of this terrible animal. Some say it is a huge wolf; others, that it resembles a bear. They have only seen it at a distance, and their terror prevented them from making accurate observations. A peasant who saw it, says, that it is as large as an ass, with brown hair. The Mayor of Saint Andre-Capcese, in a letter of the 14th, states, that according to the proofs which he had collected, it resembled in shape a large wolf, with the hair on the back all bristled, and of a blackish colour, the tail long and bushy, and the muzzle extremely long. In certain communes it has been ordered, as a measure of precaution, not to let children have the care of cattle in isolated places. Several hunts have taken place, to purge the country of this animal, and it has even been fired at by several persons, but hitherto without success. However, the measures taken encourage a hope that it will soon cease to exist.—*(Moniteur.)*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Articles remain unused.—Engravings, likewise, requiring more time than expected, are not yet completely finished. These, as well as the Literary Articles, shall have place in course.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LINES

To the Memory of Thomas Charles Gascoigne, Esq. who was killed by a fall from his horse, when hunting, on the 20th of October, 1809.—(Inscribed to his father.)

POOR GASCOIGNE! and poorly can language impart
The fix'd and mute anguish which preys on the heart
Of a parent—whose son, in the dawn of his age,
When life had scarce open'd her earliest page;
While pleasure and youth, in their gayest career,
Gave presage of many a fortunate year,
In an instant to find these expectancies o'er,
And the grave closing round him—to view him no more!
O lost but too soon! and lamented by all,
Oft the mem'ry of friends thy fair deeds shall recall;
For knowing their sufferings, while yet you had breath,
Tot hem you spoke comfort, and smil'd upon death;
Would utter no sigh amid anguish so dire,
Lest that sigh should awaken a sigh in thy sire.
Distinguish'd young man! and as feeling as brave—
What higher reward can such excellence have?
Assume then thy station in records to come—
A prouder existence defying the tomb.
And thou, too, his Father—and only too good—
Who saw in that son all the pride of thy blood,
While the friends who crowd round thee thy sorrows revere,
Which thy loss and thy character doubly endear;
Who grieve that the maxim, so mournful, is true—
That you weep over him that should watch over you.
But though sore and severely thy heart be essay'd,
Let thy long-tried experience afford thee its aid:
Look round the wide world and acknowledge this truth—
How many outlive the first promise of youth:
How oft the bright morning of hope is o'ercast
By an ev'ning which shades and oblit'rates the past:
While all must confess that *your son*, when he died,
Was the boast of his friends, and a father's just pride—
And the good round his bier may triumphantly say,
"*He has liv'd long enough, though he perish'd to-day!*"

THE COUNTRYMAN AND HIS ASS.

A Tale.

AN ass once left his master's home,
(For asses ever lov'd to roam,)
Vex'd at his loss, the rustic hy'd
T' a neighb'ring town to have him cry'd;
'Tis done! but ah! the hire and pains
Were vain, unfound the ass remains:
Next market-day he try'd once more,
But lost his labour as before.
As twice successless he'd essay'd,
The clown began to be dismay'd;

But

But as rewards oft times prevail,
When other means are known to fail,
Who e'er should bring him to the cry'r,
A pig should pay their pains the hire:
The cry'r, a well-known waggish blade,
That long was hackney'd in the trade,
With a loud voice bawl'd out, "Who-e'er
Will come, and solemnly declare,
He never was in all his life
In love with widow, maid or wife,
On such confession instantly,
A fat pig his reward shall be."
A looby clown who list'ning near,
Stood 'midst the jostling crowd to hear,
With noisy zeal put in his claim,
And vow'd 'he ne'er lov'd any dame.'
The cryer quickly seiz'd the lout,
And hauling him along by's snout,
Soon as he found his country friend,
Quoth he, "Our search is at an end,
Here is the long-lost ass of thine,
Pray bang him well—the pig is mine."

THE HUMOURS OF THE TURF.

A NEW MEDLEY.

From Oxberry's "Actor's Budget."

WHAT matters your ditties, 'bout Cupid and graces,
I sing of the turf—a much better rig;
The pleasure of driving to country races
In curricles, coaches, a chaise, or a gig:
Find fault if you please—mind what you're abusing,
Let the great roll along in their coaches and six;
What's all the world after, but winning and losing,
And each playing off all their slight-of-hand tricks.

(Speaking.)—There you'll see Master Jacky—he'll tell you that he's the cleverest whip going—that he can cut a fly's eye out at six yards distance.—'Twas but the other day, turning sharp round a corner, he upset an old woman and her apple-stall, for he loves fun—and blow me tight into a gin-shop, if he wasn't off before the old woman cou'd sing

Fillaloo, smalliloo, ditheroo, whack,
If you're young on the turf, I'd have you go back,
Or the knowing and deep ones will pocket your pelf,
Then you may go to the devil and shake yourself.

Natty boots, neat spurs, leather breeches, cravat,
Gee up, as we pelt through the dust or the rain;
Some likely to fall, spur their horse like a flat,
Leave the bridle alone, and hold fast by the mane;

Then he's back'd in a ditch—the women all shrieking,
Whilst crowds upon crowds against each other drive;
Fifes, trumpets, and drums, and nut-merchants squeaking,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary strive.

(Speaking.)—Do, my dear papa, drive a little faster, or we shall certainly lose the first heat.—Heat, aye you're always in a heat, I think, says Parson Swallow-pudding.—I say no, but look, maister, at that long thin feller, with black coat and small buckled wig—Hip, halloo! who set you on horseback and did'nt tie your legs?—Who are you talking to, sir—do you know I'm a gem'man?—God bless your honour, look down with an eye of pity on a poor unfortunate seaman—Stand out of the way, there's a penny for you.—Thank your honour.—Here's a right, true, and particular account of all the running horses, gentlemen sportsmen, the gentlemen's names, the horses names, the colours of the riders, and the—Arrah be aisy now; shut your potatoe trap, and don't make such a bother—by my soul, we're surrounded here on all sides by a cloud of dust, for all the world like a party of *foot* soldiers on horseback, and the devil a soul of you can sing
Fillaloo, &c.

If a lord love a gamester's life, is it absurd
To copy his foible, as matter of mirth?
When a gamester takes up the life of a lord,
What signifies title, sir—what are you worth?

When the Newmarket squad to the races go down,
They get news before the mail-coaches come in;
By confederates and telegraphs station'd in town,
Plates, matches, and sweepstakes, who lose and who win.

(Speaking.)—Off we set by Jupiter, and for the first half-mile you might have

have covered us with a petticoat—we were neck to neck for two miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground—I felt for him—found he had the foot—knew my bottom—so I lay in the neck—snug—whilst the other jockey was digging and lapping—right and left—I let go—darted by him like an arrow—took 'em all in—grip'd the gamblers, broke the black legs—I'm the boy!—Never kill'd but one man, one woman, and one child, in my life—That's your sort—singing—Fillaloo, &c.

Hark! what a confusion—the betting's begun;
By crossing and jostling much may be lost—
Potatoes 'gainst Diamond—I'll bet you—done, done—
I'll hedge that bet off—I'm wrong side of the post.

The heat being over, the booths how they cram;
At the E. O. table this guinea I won.
Come, bring us more porter, more beef, and more ham.
Pray, Sir, what's o'clock?—Clock! zounds, my gold watch is gone.

(Speaking)—Hark you, you scoundrel, I believe you have got my watch—I can shell you a ferry goot vatch—Did you vant any ting in my vay, buckles or buttons?—I say, Moses, ha' you got any pork to sell?—Vat's dat to you, you great pig blackguard?—Come, neighbours and friends, here's a new song, entitled and call'd the Humours of the Turf—I say, Moll, wo'nt you have a glass of gin before you begin?—Walk in, walk in, shew 'em in here; the greatest curiosity on the course; the live lion from Bengal, in the East Indies *(yaw)*—only hear how he roars—Stand back there, and make way for that gentleman in the smock frock—How do ye like it, Sir—There, there, only hear the lion, how he sings——Fillaloo, &c.

Life's like race-course betting, we all wish to win,
But accept this advice, ye who sit down to play:
He must have good luck, to be sure, that throws in—
The best throw on the dice is to throw them away.

Now, the race being over, away hurries Miss,
Oh! dear, says mama, I have let my wig fall!
And I, says Miss Prue, have spoil'd my pelisse!
Let us now go and dress for the play and the ball.

(Speaking)—I say, Tom, that's a d—d fine girl.—Mem, I hope for the honour of your hand—Oh dear, Sir!—Did you ever see such a fright as that woman, and look at that man with his false calves turn'd before—Only look, mama, at that impudent creature: I dare say she ha'nt sixteen, and yet she is ogling and leering at every fellow she meets—Oh fie, for shame! fie, for shame! what will this world come to—Come, come, sister; don't you forget when I found you behind the parlour door with the Captain—Pshaw! brother, accidents will happen sometimes—Pray, ma'am, what dance shall we call for?—Why call for

Fillaloo, smalliloo, ditheroo, whack,
My song at an end, your hands give a smack,
I hope you won't censure a poor silly elf,
(Speaking) (If you do I might as well)
Go to the devil and shake myself.

PETITION OF THE PIGS IN KENT.

An humble Petition of the Pigs, to restore their ancient Privilege of foraging in the Woods during the Acorn Season.

YE owners of woodlands, with all due submission,
We humbly beg leave to present our petition,
That you will be pleas'd to recall your decree,
Which tells us that acorns no longer are free.
In Sussex, in Surrey, and Middlesex too,
Pigs may ramble at large without such ado;
And why, then, in Kent should pretences be found,
To drive us like culprits and thieves to the pound,
Since we, and our fathers, and others before 'em,
Have rang'd in your woods, with all proper decorum?
No poachers are we, for no game we annoy,
No hares we entrap, and no pheasants decoy;

Contented

Contented are we, if an acorn we find,
Nor wish for a feast of a daintier kind.
Besides, we are told (and perhaps not mistaken)
That you and your friends love a slice of good bacon;
But if of good bacon you all love a slice,
If pigs are to starve, how can bacon be nice?
For these and for other wise reasons of state,
We again our petition most humbly repeat,
That you will repeal this severest of laws,
So your woods shall resound with our grunting applause.

East Kent, Oct. 12. VIGO.

THE HARE HUNTERS.

A new Song.

TUNE—"LIBERTY HALL."

A Hunt there was lately, near Fordingbridge town,
Where men with fleet legs and quick senses abound,
Where some keep their beagles to hunt the poor hare,
And delight in her death when the morning proves fair.
Tol de rol, &c.

As the son of the schoolmaster passed one day,
He discover'd a hare, in her form as she lay,
And knowing the high-mettled bloods of the town,
He inform'd them of pussy, to get half a crown.

All parties were pleas'd that the game was now snug,
And, like huntsmen of old, left their wives and their jug.
To enjoy the lov'd sport, *trav'llers, saddlers*, and all,
Set off full of glee, without bugle or call.
Impatient for sport, they arriv'd in the field,
Where puss was expected her last breath to yield:
To secure her the better, no bush would they beat,
And they guarded the run where she used to retreat.
Supposing the hare they should find in this place,
Was one that had often elud'd their chase,
They determin'd with dogs never more to pursue,
But surround her with sticks, and her courage subdue.

But as men in this life disappointment must know,
So did these brave sportsmen on hearing "Soho!"
For a Cooper, much wishing to lead on the van,
And by starting the game be esteem'd a great man,

Like Nimrod the second, swift, eager, and bold,
Fast grappled poor puss—but, alas!—she was cold!
When, raising her legs, he cried out, "Ha! ha! ha!
It is only a skin—a hare's skin stuff'd with straw!!!"

If thunderstruck mortals you ever have seen,
You may easily guess what a state they were in;
Astonish'd—confounded—dismay'd they appear'd,
And in each other's faces maliciously sneer'd.

In silence they stood, wishing those at old Nick,
Who had play'd on them thus so confounded a trick,
While he who invented it told all the fun,
And half Fordingbridge quickly knew what was done.

Then back to the town went those sons of the chase,
While sad disappointment was mark'd in each face;
Those who knew, ran to meet them, and said with a grin,
"Here come the bold hunters that hunted the *skin!*"

To Fordingbridge now, if you ever should go,
And talk of a hare hunt, or give a "*Soho!*"
You'll find that the tale I have told you is true,
But take care—for who knows what the * *Blue-skins* may do.
Tol de rol, &c.

* A cant name for Fordingbridgers.